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Habington's Castara,

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WITH A

PREFACE AND NOTES,

BY

CHARLES A. ELTON.

Spirat adhuc amor
Vivuntque commissi calores.

HOR.

BRISTOL:

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PREFATORY ESSAY.

THE late Mr. Headley, in the "Biographical Sketches" prefixed to his "Select Beauties of ancient English Poetry," speaks of Habington, as a writer, "some of whose pieces deserve being revived:" and Sir Egerton Brydges, in his "Censura Literaria," has given a critical analysis of the *Castara*. Mr. Chalmers has reprinted the work in his enlarged edition of *The British Poets*; and has pointed out its distinguishing merits with elegance and precision. - As the poems are now only accessible in the body of a voluminous collection, owing to the scarceness of the original copies, it seems desirable that they should be republished in a separate form. The present edition is printed from that which bears date 1640.

Some account of the immediate ancestors of William Habington may not be uninteresting.

Thomas Habington, (sometimes spelt Abington) was the son of John Habington of Hendlip, in Worcestershire; and grandson of Richard Habington of Brockhampton, in Herefordshire. Thomas, at sixteen, became a commoner of Lincoln College, Oxford; and finished his academical studies at the universities of Paris and Rheims. On his return to England, he joined the adherents of Mary, Queen of Scots; and, on suspicion of being implicated in Babington's conspiracy, was imprisoned six years in the Tower. The circumstance of his being godson to Queen Elizabeth, to whom his father, John, was cofferer, it is supposed, operated in his favor, so that his life was spared. But his younger brother, Edward, who had engaged in the same conspiracy, and was, says Wood, "a person of a turbulent spirit, and nature," was executed at St. Giles's in the fields, in September 1586. Thomas, on his liberation, retired to Hendlip, the manor of which was settled on him by his father, and married Mary, eldest daughter of Edward lord Morley, by Elizabeth, daughter and sole heiress of Sir William Stanley, knight, lord Mounteagle. He was, afterwards, exposed to a similar danger, and actually sentenced to

death, for concealing in his house* Garnet and Alcerne, two Popish priests, who were concerned in the Gunpowder plot ; but was reprieved, and finally pardoned, through the intercession of Lord Mounteagle, his wife's brother. Mary Habington was, in fact, the real author of the celebrated warning letter which Lord Mounteagle received, the day before the meeting of Parliament. Thomas Habington died at the advanced age of eighty-seven, at Hendlip, on the 8th of October, 1647.

His only published work was, a translation of Gildas, "*De excidio et conquestu Britanniae*," with an ample preface, 8vo. Lond. 1638 ; but he left behind him in manuscript, "The Antiquities and Survey of Worcestershire :—" "Part of this book," says Wood, "I have seen, and perused ; and find that every leaf is a sufficient testimony of his generous, and virtuous mind ; of his indefatigable industry, and infinite reading :—" and, "Of the Cathedral Church, and Bishops of Worcester," written with his own hand, in a thin folio. The preamble, quoted by Wood, is a specimen of the style of the age—"God's eternal empire of heaven

* See Nash's Worcestershire, vol. 1. page 585, and in page 588 is a view of Hendlip House ; with engraved portraits of John Habington the founder, Thomas, and Mary his wife.

endureth for ever." He, also, laid the groundwork of "The History of Edward IV." afterwards completed and published by his son.

William Habington was born at Hendlip, in Worcestershire, on the 4th or 5th of November, 1605; and received his education at St. Omer's and in Paris. He was earnestly pressed by the Jesuits to belong to their order; and, to avoid their importunities, returned to England, where he finished his studies under the immediate eye of his father: and applied himself, in particular, to history. Report speaks of him as "an accomplished gentleman." He married Lucia, daughter, of William lord Powis; the lady whom he has celebrated under the name of Castara, and who is described by Winstanly, in his lives of the poets, as "a lady of rare endowments and beauty." Habington died November 30th, 1654: one year after Cromwell's* elevation to the protectorship; and was buried in the family vault at Hendlip.

* Wood insinuates, in a vague manner, that "this William Habington did run with the times, and was not unknown to Oliver the usurper." That men of upright and honourable minds were enlisted both on the monarchical and popular side must be acknowledged by all, in whom the bigotry of party has not extinguished charity. But against Wood's surmise we have the strongest possible presumptive evidence. Habington was a

Exclusive of the Castara, which will presently be considered, he was the author of a tragi-comedy entitled "The Queen of Arragon ;" which he presented to the Earl of Pembroke, Lord Chamberlain of the household to Charles the First. It was acted at Court and the Black-Friars ; and printed at London in folio, 1640. It now appears in Dodsley's collection of old plays. Of his "History of Edward IV. King of England," Lond. 1640, fol. Wood tells us without probability, that the work was both "written and published at the desire of Charles the First : " We have seen that it was begun by Habington the father. He adds,

Roman Catholic ; and it is not likely that he should side with the Presbyterians : he was full of courtly loyalty ; and it is quite improbable that he should pass to the extreme of republicanism. The passages

And who were busie here
Are gone to sow sedition in the shire.

and

Only a pure devotion to the king,
In whose just cause whoever fights must be
Triumphant,

are too strong to admit of so sudden and radical a change in a man of principle, which Habington appears to have been. Langbaine quaintly speaks of him as " a gentleman who lived in the civil wars, and, slighting Bellona, gave himself entirely to the Muses ;" and the probability is, that he took no active part in the state commotions.

that "it was by many esteemed to have a style sufficiently florid, and better becoming a poetical, than historical subject." In the "Complete History of England," 1706 ; the two first volumes of which were compiled by Hughes the poet, Habington's Life of Edward is inserted among other adopted lives. He also wrote "Observations on History," London, 1641, octavo.

There is a copy of the *Castara* in the library of St. John's College, Oxford ; this bears date 1634, and is the first edition. A second, in octavo, succeeded in 1635 ; and a third, with additions, of a small duodecimo size, in 1640 ; The final arrangement of the work was in three parts, under different titles, and each introduced by a character in prose. The first, *The Mistress*, contains the poems addressed to the Lady Lucia during his courtship ; the second, *The Wife*, includes those which he composed after their marriage. On this second part is ingrafted *The Friend* ; a collection of funeral elegies ; which is preceded, like the former, with a prose character, and is evidently a distinct part of itself. It is, therefore, so disposed in the present edition. The third, or, as I have printed it, the fourth part, is entitled *The Holy Man* ; and consists of devotional pieces. From a

a delicate compliment to his wife, he has comprehended these several divisions of the work under the general title of "Castara." Winstanly justly characterizes the author as "one of a quick wit, and fluent language;" and says, that his poems on their coming out, "gained a general fame and estimation."

The amatory poetry of Habington is that of a man, who regards woman as a highly intellectual being; not as the mere slave and instrument of sensual pleasure: and the correctness of his mind, in this particular, is equally apparent in his prose and verse. There are writers of the present day, who, if they could be supposed capable of any touches of moral compunction, might start at a passage in the preface to Castara, with no common self-abasement and remorse. "Of such heathens our times afford us a pittied multitude; who can give no other testimony of twenty years employment, than some loose copies of lust happily exprest. Yet these the common people of wit blow up with their breath of praise, and honour with the sacred name of poets."

In Habington we have no burning glances, or murmuring blisses, or blasphemous exclamations

of delirious rapture. Still less is the lady insulted by vaunts of a general and systematic sensuality. She is neither complimented by the assurance of dividing the thoughts of her lover with the vulgar pleasures of the glass, nor told that between kisses and bumpers life glides pleasantly away. Instead of this, we hear the delicacy of sentiment with which our grandmothers were pleased to be addressed, and to which our daughters may lend their ear, without risk of mental contamination.

The following stanzas breathe an affectionate esteem, and are easy, simple, and poetical :

Like the violet, which alone
Prosper in some happy shade,
My Castara lives unknowne,
To no looser eye betray'd :
For shee's to herself untrue
Who delights i'th' publicke view.

Such is her beauty, as no arts
Have enrich'd with borrow'd grace ;
Her high birth no pride imparts,
For shee blushes in her place ;
Folly boasts a glorious blood ;
She is noblest being good.

Shee her throne makes reason climbe,
While wild passions captive lie ;
And, each article of time,

Her pure thoughts to heaven flie ;
All her vows religious be,
And her love she vows to me.

Easy numbers are not his only praise ; his
style is often pointed and vigorous.

Give me a heart, where no impure,
Disorder'd passions rage ;
Which jealousy doth not obscure,
Nor vanity t'expence engage ;
Not wooed to madness by quaint oathes,
Or the fine rhetoricke of clothes ;
Which not the softness of the eye
To vice or folly doth decline ;
Give me that heart Castara ! for tis thine.

Take thou a heart, where no new looke
Provokes new appetite ;
With no freshe charme of beauty tooke,
Or wanton stratagem of wit ;
Not idly wandering here and there,
Led by an am'rous eye or eare ;
Aiming each beautilous marke to hit ;
Which virtue doth to one confine ;
Take thou that heart Castara ! for tis mine.

His figures and illustrations are almost always new and uncommon, and denote a lively and pregnant imagination. They are not always free from conceit, but they frequently strike by their elegant appositeness, no less than by their fanciful beauty.

They meet but with unwholesome springs,
And summers, which infectious are ;
They heare but when the meremaid sings,
And onely see the falling starre ;
Who ever dare
Affirme no woman chaste and fair.

There is, perhaps, something of the manner, though not quite the smoothness of Waller, in these stanzas on an embrace :

'Bout th' husband oke the vine
Thus wreathes, to kisse his leavy face ;
Their streams thus rivers joyne,
And lose themselves in the embrace ;
But trees want sence, when they infold,
And waters, when they meet, are cold.
Thus turtles bill, and grone
Their loves into each other's eare ;
Two flames thus burne in one,
When their curl'd heads to heaven they reare ;
But birds want soul, though not desire,
And flames materiall soon expire.

The poems to the memory of his friend Talbot have the common fault of poetical sorrow : they are too elaborate in fancy for the natural effusions of grief. But to this there are exceptions. The beginning of his address to the spirit of the departed, is unaffectedly tender and solemn.

Let me contemplate thee, fair soule ! and though
I cannot tracke the way, which thou didst goe
In thy celestiaall journey, and my heart
Expansion wants, to thinke what now thou art,
How bright and wide thy glories ; yet I may
Remember thee, as thou wert in thy clay ;
Best object to my heart ! what virtues be
Inherent even to the least thought of thee !

We meet occasionally with original and philosophic reflexion :

But all we poets glory in, is vaine
And empty triumph ; art can not regaine
One poore houre lost, nor reskew a small flye
By a foole's finger destinate to die.

In the lines that conclude these elegies, no one can fail to recognize the poet. The conceit of the ashes of the pious dead exhaling odours, conveys a disagreeable association ; but he is not the only writer who has adopted it. The splendor of diction and imagery which distinguishes this passage, is such as to place the genius of Habington in a very conspicuous light.

Thou eclips'd dust ! expecting breake of day
From the thicke mists about thy tombe, I'le pay,
Like the just larke, the tribute of my verse.
I will invite thee from thy envious herse
To rise, and 'bout the world thy beams to spread,

That we may see there's brightnesse in the dead.
My zeal deludes me not. What perfumes come
From th' happy vault? in her sweet martyrdome
The nard breathes never so, nor so the rose,
When the enamour'd spring by kissing blowes
Soft blushes on her cheek, nor th' early East,
Vying with Paradiſe, in th' Phoenix nest.
These gentle perfumes usher in the day,
Which from the night of his discolour'd clay
Breakes on the sudden.

The passage has already exceeded the license of transcription; but I cannot refrain from adding the close of it; in which a very striking sentiment is expressed with very uncommon energy of language.

But, if w' are so far blind, we cannot see
The wonder of this truth, yet let us be
Not infidels; nor like dull atheists give
Ourselves so long to lust, till we believe,
(T' allay the griefe of sinne) that we shall fall
To a loath'd nothing in our funerall.
The bad man's death is horror: but the just
Keeps something of his glory in his dust.

The sacred lyrics, which conclude the volume, are chiefly paraphrases of texts out of the Psalms, and the book of Job. Habington seems to please himself in lyric poetry. At least, to my ear, his rhythm is never so pleasing as when it flows in the

measures of the ode. The stanzas on the amorous idolatries of poets will not easily be paralleled for softness of numbers, luxuriance of expression, and elegance of thought.

Noe monument of me remaine ;
My memorie rust
In the same marble with my dust ;
Ere I the spreading lawrel gaine
By writing wanton or profane.

Ye glorious wonders of the skies,
Shine still, bright starres,
Th' Almighty's mystick characters ;
I'll not your beautilous lights surprize,
T' illuminate a woman's eyes.

Nor, to perfume her veines, will I
In each one set
The purple of the violet ;
The untoucht flowre may grow and dye
Safe from my fancie's injurie.

From some few specimens in the former part of the work, it should appear that he would have excelled also in satyric pleasantry; the lines to Sir Ed. P. descriptive of a feast, are lively and Horatian; but enriched with more poetic imagery, than we meet with in the familiar satires of Horace.

The prose, interspersed with the volume, should not pass without notice. It is a valuable relic of this author's well-principled and cultivated mind. It has a tincture of that floridness, objected by Wood to his historical style, and is coloured occasionally with something of the quaintness of wit, which we remark in Burton; but there is great pithiness of sense, and closeness of expression in what Habington writes. "Her language," he observes of a virtuous mistress, "is not copious, but apposite; and she had rather suffer the reproach of being dull in company, than have the title of witty with that of bold and wanton. In her carriage she is sober; and thinks her youth expresseth life enough, without the giddy motion, fashion of late has taken up. She danceth to the best applause, but doates not on the vanity of it; nor licenseth an irregular meeting to vaunt the levity of her skill. She sings, but not perpetually; for she knows that silence, in a woman, is the most perswading oratory. She never arrived to so much familiarity with a man, as to know the diminutive of his name, and call him by it; and she can show a competent favor, without yielding her hand to his gripe."

Of a wife he says, "She is so true a friend, her husband may to her communicate even his ambitions, and, if success crown not expectation, remain, nevertheless, uncontemned. She is colleague with him in the empire of prosperity, and a safe retiring place, when adversity exiles him from the world. She is so chaste she never understood the language lust speaks in, nor with a smile applauds it, although there appear wit in the metaphor."

In the eyes of those, who value a medal for its rust, it will not detract from the merit of Habington, that his verses, more especially his couplets, are sometimes broken and rugged: that they are, sometimes, clogged with parenthesis, and harshly jangled out of tune by rough and arbitrary elisions of letters and syllables. The admirers of classical simplicity will not fail, also, to detect, in several of his compositions, a faulty mixture of metaphysical pedantry, which insinuates itself among passages of, otherwise, singular delicacy and beauty.

When he once gives the rein to his imagination, he seems unable to retain the mastery of it.

What should we feare Castara? the cool aire,
That's falne in love, and wantons in thy haire,

Will not betray our whispers. Should I steale
 A nectar'd kisse, the wind dares not reveale
 The pleasure I possesse. The wind conspires
 To our blest interview, and *in our fires*
Bathes like a Salamander, and doth sip,
Like Bacchus from the grape, life from thy lip.

The opening of the poem to Mr. E. Porter, is
 in a wild and pleasing strain of romantic poetry.

Not still i' th' shine of kings. Thou dost retire,
 Sometime, to th' holy shade, where the chaste quire
 Of muses doth the stubborn Panther awe,
 And give the wildenesse of his nature law.
 The wind his chariot stops: th' attentive rocke
 The rigor doth of its creation mocke,
 And gently melts away.

but he cannot forbear adding,

Argus, to heare
The music, turns each eye into an eare.

A very fine imitation of part of an ode of
 Horace is disgraced by a pedantic witticism in the
 style of Cowley:

Direct your eye-sight inward, and you'll find
 A thousand regions in your minde
 Yet undiscover'd: *travell then, and be*
Expert in home-cosmographie.

During Castara's absence, the lover conceives
 himself dead, and deprecates the idea of being

dissected. He then imagines that his friends suppose him still living, and assures them that either a spirit has taken his form, or

Else heaven by miracle makes me survive
Myselfe, to keepe in me poore love alive.

Could Cowley himself have gone beyond him?

One of the stanzas "To the world," furnishes a resemblance both to the grossness and abstruse conceit of Donne. But he has no other of the same kind.

When we speake love, nor art, nor wit,
We glosse upon;
Our souls engender, and beget
Ideas, which you counterfeit
In your dull propagation.

On his lady's sickness, he supposes a dart shot from her eyes to have singed the wings of death, and obliged him to hover near her. Other poets, more timid or less ingenious, have regarded the approach of death to beauty with terror and aversion. But with tame, common sense, what poetical metaphysician would rest satisfied?

They who loath'd thee, when they see
Where thou harbours't, will love thee.

Death was never, probably, so complimented before.

Of that frigid purity, which consists in the exclusion of every thing sensibly human, he has more than one example ; his ode “ to the dew,” betrays that “ cold glitter” of sentiment, which Mr. Coleridge ascribes to Petrarch :

But see—she comes ; bright lamp o’ th’ skie
Put out thy light ; the world shall spie
A fairer sunne in either eye.

And liquid pearle, hang heavy now
On every grasse, that it may bow
In veneration of her brow.

But these were the vices of his time. I have been thus minute in remarking on Habington’s defects, because these vices of his age are generally overlooked, in the prevalent disposition to extol, what is termed the vigorous simplicity of the ancient school. That I am not insensible to the genius of those poets who grace the period from Elizabeth to Charles, my revival of Habington may be admitted as a sufficient proof ; but the latter æra cannot be classed as ancient, otherwise than by comparison ; and certainly exhibits a degree of sophisticated taste, incompatible with the impression intended to be conveyed by the phrase ancient poetry, and far exceeding, in its capricious deviations from nature, the alledged

artificial refinements of the modern school. What affinity has the glitter of Italian conceit to the vigour of ancient simplicity?

It appears at first sight not a little singular, that Petrarch, the restorer of classical learning, who, when surprised by his father in the midst of Roman authors, supplicated that Virgil might be spared to him from the flames, should in his own compositions, have so widely departed from the noble purity of the ancient models. But his taste, probably, took its hue from the times in which he lived. The genius of chivalry, receiving a particular bias and direction from the spirit of the crusades, blended a highly wrought religious enthusiasm with a reverential courtesy towards women. This complex sentiment gave the tone to the language of love, and of poesy. Hence terms of divinity, and other celestial attributes, were profusely lavished on the fair sex; hence also, spiritual reveries supplanted natural passion, and the obvious images of human life being discarded as degrading and unworthy, the fancy was ransacked for conceptions of pure immateriality.

Towards the commencement of the Elizabethan period, society still retained something of the color of chivalrous sentiment. The Earl of Surrey

not only sang the praises of his Geraldine, but had broken a lance in defence of her peerless perfections. This species of poetry was, therefore, not inconsistent with the general turn of thinking, and cast of manners: the mistake was, in continuing the same strain, when customs and opinions had undergone a complete revolution.

The Petrarchal school appears to have *exuberated** into that, which Johnson,† in his able analysis, has denominated the metaphysical, and of which Pope in his sketch of the poetical æras, classes Donne as the head. A studied imitation of Italian poetry was, certainly, the germ of this species of composition, though Petrarch is not accountable for its adventitious extravagancies. His imitators refined upon their archetype. They have more affectation of multifarious learning: They abound more with allusions to occult art and science; a tincture, probably, of the fashionable studies of the day. Occasions for images, metaphors, and comparisons, drawn from the secrets of alchymy, and the planetary conjunctions,

* "he might, perhaps, have *exuberated* into an atheist."

Johnson. Life by Boswell.

† Life of Cowley.

are perpetually sought, and are made, when they cannot readily be found. Of this class of poets, from whom the praise of happy ingenuity and a learned fancy is not always to be withheld, it is the most remarkable characteristic, that they are for ever endeavouring to assimilate things, in themselves essentially dissimilar ; and what they evidently value as their finest strokes of fancy, are those chimerical parallels between objects incongruous in their nature, which are brought into a forced connexion of mock analogy, by dint of a certain dexterity in twisting ideas, and playing upon words. Such is their fondness for this approximation of contraries, that they will resort to the lowest, and most disgusting allusions, for the sake of displaying their acuteness, effecting a sudden surprise, and producing an unexpected contrast. Who would expect such an illustration as the following, in an ode upon Platonic Love?

Come, I will undeceive thee ; they that tread
These vain aeriall wayes,
Are like young heirs and alchemysts, misled
To waste their wealth and dayes ;
For searching thus to be for ever rich,
They only find a med'cine for the itch.

WILLIAM CARTRIGHT.

Another peculiarity affected by these writers, is an unhappy ruggedness of measure, that seems to defy every principle of rhythmical modulation. Whether in thus putting verse to the torture they meant to convey the impression of an easy negligence, it is impossible to say; but dislocation, rather than collocation of syllables, appears to have been the rule of their adopted harmony. An *and* or a *the* is not seldom put in requisition for the terminating rhyme; and the ear experiences a sensation analogous to that which is communicated by the joltings of a coach-wheel on a stony road. So far from any regard being paid to the *Iambic** cadence, which, as Pope truly observed, influences more or less the melodious flow of English verse, there is, seemingly, an anxiety to obstruct the uniform return of a stated emphasis; and the poet chuses to be guided by no other criterion, than the necessity of squeezing so many syllables into the line. It is not the least absurd feature of that ballad-mongering taste, which has flowed in upon

* It is idle to dispute about the suitableness of the ancient metrical terms to modern prosody; it is enough that they are convenient: and whatever we may chuse to denominate the regularly recurring stress on particular syllables, the principle is the same.

us, that there are found poets who sedulously aim at bringing back our metre* to this delectable confusion of crippled feet and jangled sounds ; who regard the verses of *John Bunyan* as ex-

* From the censure which attaches to these modern-antique innovations, should be excepted the *Thalaba* of *Southey*. Its irregular and mixed measures are quite distinct from the established metre, and do not interfere with its laws. They resemble Miltonic verse, broken into fragments and detached periods : indeed, the monologues and chorusses of *Samson Agonistes* may have suggested this structure of rhythm. It is less perceptibly or obtrusively irregular, as it is not marked by the close of rhyme. It has not, therefore, that pretension to finish and correctedness which rhyme confers. We look on it as on the rough study of a painter's pencil ; the sketch is not a picture, but we are satisfied with the sketch. The truth and richness of the descriptive painting, and the strong pathetic human interest which is blended with the wildness of the sorcery, place this poem high among the productions of original fancy. Much higher, I think, than the *Oberon* of *Wieland*. Of the language it may be said that it unaffectedly resembles the beautiful prose-poetry of the English scriptures. The moral sublimity of this metrical romance is exquisite. No man rises from its perusal without an elevated emotion, not unallied to the solemn enthusiasm of religious faith. The poem is a species in itself. Genius can sanctify even errors : and he that can err like the poet of *Thalaba*, may err with impunity.

hibiting the correctest model of genuine melody, and who consider the satires of Dr. Donne as irretrievably marred in their musical variety by the regular adjustment of Pope. All this is extremely idle: to complain that verse is uniform, is to complain that it is verse.

Whatever may be said of “balancing the verse and making the first part of it betray the second,” the metre of Virgil and Ovid is open to the same objection: and Mr. Pye has justly remarked, that the concluding adonic of the hexameter line, marks the close of the verse as strongly as the final rhyme in the couplet of Pope. It is this anticipation of reciprocated cadences which constitutes the charm of *lyric* poetry. Pindarics had their day. The Pindaric poets, also, disdained to adjust syllables and pauses, or to make one line respond to another. The ode had all the looseness and uncertainty of a lapidary inscription; and the numbers wandered and wantoned in all the abrupt brevity and immeasurable length, the tripping unevenness and wallowing unwieldiness, of what was called the Pindaric style. But the public grew dizzy and weary, and the regular stanza was resumed.

As little seems to have been gained by the restitution of couplet verse to the form which it had

before Waller and Dryden smoothed its ruggedness and repressed its diffusion. When the sense does not rest, in some degree, on the rhyme, the rhyme appears always needlessly obtruded. In blank measure, the pause is judiciously shifted to different syllables in different successive lines : because, if the sense were to close with the verse, as is too generally the case in the poem of *the Seasons*, the absence of rhyme would be felt. But an opposite principle should regulate the couplet : occasional deviations may add to the grace of composition ; as we often see in the bold and felicitous practice of Dryden ; but it may be generally affirmed that couplets are most harmonious when complete in themselves ; for if broken into each other, the interposal of rhyme becomes a mere impediment to the flow of the lines, and has the effect of unpleasing interruption to the ear.

To those who censure any studied care in the interior disposition of the verse ; not from a desire to vary the effect and extend the boundaries of melody, but on the principle that a regular distribution of accent is needless and absurd ; and who regard the very idea of metrical feet, in a modern language, as a scholastic illusion, it would

be in vain to insist on the secret of that harmony, which glides in the flowing numbers of Dryden, or the 'golden lines of Rowe.' True it is that we do not possess the same advantages of measure, the same regular diversity of long and short syllables as the Greeks and Latins; but in English versification, the accent or emphasis of words, reduced to rule and arranged in a musical proportion, is in some degree a compensation for the absence of the ancient quantities. They, therefore, who argue that having no quantity, we have no concern with rhythmical feet, prove only, as Voltaire observed of La Motte, when he denied the reality of any poetic beauty, that they talk about that which they do not understand. If our verse consist only of so many syllables, independent of syllabic feet, and if the order in which those syllables fall be a matter of indifference, we have in fact no verse whatever, but only a measured prose. Because we have not what the ancients had, why deprive us of that which we have? With such critics, Dr. Johnson's mock-metrical line,

“ Lay your knife and your fork across your plate,”
will pass current as having all the requisites of le-

gitimate verse; that is it has ten syllables. They may be reminded in the language of Vida, though in a different sense,

*Haud satis est illis utcumque claudere versum.**

But it seems that any attention to syllabic melody, any indication of respect for the principles of rhythmical art and the laws of metre, cannot possibly co-subsist with the spontaneous energies of natural feeling. We learn, in the words of Headley, that, it was not the practice of our early poets to “cull words, vary pauses, adjust accents, and diversify cadence.” The early poets, it may be supposed, took the English metre as they found it. What was not yet invented, they could not adopt; but there is no reason to infer that they were careless about the structure of their lines. The stanza of Spenser, probably, will not be cited as a very remarkable instance of their despising the minute artifices of versification. But if a nice and attentive modulation of rhythm be thought to detract from the dignity of the poet,

* Tis not enough their verses to complete.

PITT.

what shall be said in defence of the following passage from Virgil?—

Continuo ventis surgentibus, aut freta ponti
Incipiunt agitata tumescere, et aridus altis
Montibus audiri fragor; aut resonantia longe
Littora misceri, et nemorum increbrescere murmur.*

Virgil might here, not unreasonably, be suspected of “culling his words, varying his pauses, adjusting his accents, and diversifying his cadences.” Certainly the minutest observation and the most assiduous diligence could not have more successfully contrived that the sound should be a picture of the sense. Yet Virgil, probably, struck out the passage in the heat of the moment, and accomplished by means of a delicate ear and a flexible fancy this miracle of the metrical art.

The critical cant about studied cadences and elaborate pauses is, in fact, completely fanciful. If the metre of Virgil flow with the smoothest modulation of art, that art was facility. Whoever composes in metre has formed to himself a certain structure of style, which having once

* Slow rise the winds; the heaving surges dash
Work'd into foam; the hollow mountains crash;
Far shores re-echo to the beating floods,
And a low sound runs murm'ring through the woods.

formed, he has frequently practised, and which, however carefully modelled after the rules of science in its original construction, has become in reality the natural vehicle of his thoughts. They, who make this stir about the natural language of poetry, betray, in fact, the struggle of artificial negligence, and exhibit a style of composition visibly more studied and infinitely more unnatural than the vigorous elasticity of Pope's numbers.

The charge against Pope, however, is not merely that he is triflingly elaborate, but that his elaboration is without effect; that his metre is monotonous; that he is a bungler in his own art. That his verses are bounded by the rhyme may be admitted; but that, in their interior mechanism, he has shewn any deficiency of skill in adapting, his pause to the sense, or his cadence to the subject, no one who attentively considers the specimens which Lord Kames has selected in his "Elements of Criticism" can safely affirm.

It is said, however, that a school of polished inanity has risen on the basis of Pope's versification, and Cowper asserts that "Every whistler has his tune by heart." But neither is Pope responsible for the flat and nerveless equability of numbers adopted by his imitators, nor is Cowper correct

in supposing, that to imitate Pope is an easy task. Pope, by the judicious intermixture of the Trochaic with the Iambic cadence, and by a well regulated use of the hemistick rest in the middle of the verse, imparted an insensible rapidity and buoyancy to his numbers, which his copyists, more indolent, or less skilful, have failed to attain. I am aware that this practice has been objected to Pope as a part of what is called the monotony of his system: but in fact it makes a part of his diversity. His whole system of verse was constructed on the principle of alternation and relief; a secret which has escaped the greater number of succeeding writers of couplets; who have but one flow of verse, which they prolong without variation. *This* is the “tune of the whistler,” but it is not learned from Pope. If he be found superior to his imitators in the structure of his harmony, I think he will also be found superior to them in his fewness of epithets, his brevity and perspicuity of language, and his compression of thought.

That Cowper should pass judgment on Pope's metre, is the more unfortunate, as his own ear was remarkably obtuse; and as more instances of homely and prosaic verses may be selected from his compositions, than from those of any contemporary

writer. Not that he disdained to stoop to melody, but that melody was beyond his reach. It was not the custom of Pope formally to apprise his reader when he designed to be musical ; but Cowper, in his *Homer*, introduces two wretched attempts at imitative harmony by the parade of a note. In the line “ Dread-sounding, bounding on the silver bow,” and in the notable dactylic which describes the stone of Sisyphus, “ Rush’d again obstinate down to the ground,” the reader would have perceived his attempt, without the aid of a commentary, and perceived that it had failed. They would, also, have recollected that when in Pope,

Th’ impetuous arrow whizzes on the wing,

this echo to the sense appears the effect of accident.

But the charge of inanity, brought against Pope, goes further than the mechanism of his verse : it involves the very essence of his poetry ; and every sentimentalizing school-girl, who can scribble in slip-shod measures about “ Lady fair” and “ berry-brown steed,” thinks herself entitled to declaim on the insipidity of Pope. Pope is, indeed, the poet of men ; the painter of the man-

ners, the characters, and the passions of actual human life ; the Lucilius* of a modern age, who strikes at vice and ignorance and corruption in every shape ; and like Cicero's orator,† “ *vehemens ut procella, excitatus ut torrens, incensus ut fulmen, tonat, fulgur at, et rapidis eloquentiæ fluctibus omnia proruit ac proturbat.*” But it is for the first time discovered that‡ satire is no

* Cum est Lucilius ausus, &c.—Hor. Serm. 2-1, 62.

———— in his honest page

When good Lucilius lash'd a vicious age ;
From conscious villains tore the mask away,
And stripp'd them naked to the glare of day.

DR. FRANCIS.

† “ Strong as the tempest, rough as the torrent, fiery as the bolt of heaven, he thunders, he lightens, and with the rapid waves of his eloquence, overthrows and sweeps from before him every thing that opposes.” In his Horatian imitations, nothing can occasionally exceed the delicate ease of Pope ; but he is more bitter as well as more lofty than Horace. His genius should have led him to Juvenal. See his character of Sporus, in the Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot ; where we actually feel the knife of the anatomist. See also the grand and indignant burst of eloquence on high vice and state corruption, in the first dialogue of his epilogue to the satires.

‡ “ Satire and morality,” says Headley, they carried to

part of poetry ; and Persius and Juvenal must
'hide their diminished heads.'

their perfection." As if these were necessarily distinct from poetry. The travelled youth in the *Dunciad*, b. 4. v. 282-322, is satire blended with poetical imagination. Morality is combined with poetry in the scheme of universal benevolence. *Essay on Man*. Epist. 4. v. 325.

Poetry is defined by Aristotle a mimetic or imitative art : a definition which includes satire no less than the drama. The name of poet has been denied to the author of *Hudibras* : as well might it be refused to the author of *Orlando Furioso*. Butler attains both the implied objects of poetry. He moves the passions by the imitation of character and manners ; he amuses the fancy by the pregnancy of his imagination.

But this absurd contra-distinction is borrowed from Warton ; who in his " *Essay on Pope* " advanced those specious positions which have been so ably refuted by *Ruffhead*, but which have given the tone to succeeding poetical critics, and induced them to exclude Pope from the higher order of poets, and degrade him into a mere clear-headed, sensible, didactic versifier.

The conclusion that because Boileau and Pope both wrote satires and epistles, and both imitated Horace, therefore they belong to the same order of poets, is a sort of sophistry that can impose on no single individual who has the use of his eyes. Their works are in every-one's hands. How few kinds of poetry has Boileau attempted in comparison with Pope ? How little of comparative originality is there in Boileau ? how little of passion ? how little of fancy ?

It is objected to him, that he wants imagery. His didactic essays are condemned because they are didactic essays ; his satires, because they are satires ; or if it be conceded that sense, not description, is the pith of satyrical and didactic poetry, his pastorals are ransacked for proofs of an insensibility to the forms of original nature ; and we are told of “ traditional imagery ;” of “ verdant shades” and “ purling streams.” But it is not in a juvenile cento of amabæan verses ; the purple patchwork of a young versifier, fresh

The *Lutrin* is the only point of contact between them : and Voltaire has allowed the superiority of the Rape of the Lock, in ease, grace, and imagination : a decision which Laharpe, with the narrow envy of an illiberal nationality, ascribes to the civilities received by Voltaire at Pope’s table. How far Laharpe, a petulant, minute, and superficial critic, was qualified to decide on Pope, will appear from his ignorant and insolent attempt to resolve the manly taste of Englishmen for the dramas of Shakspeare, into a compliance with the humours of the populace. After Johnson’s acute and philosophical defence of Shakspeare,* it is to be hoped that no future Frenchman will render himself ridiculous by running round the circle of his “ unities,” and shutting his eyes to the living realization of human character.

* Preface to his edition of Shakspeare : printed also in Murphy’s edition of Dr. Johnson’s Works. Vol. II.

from the reading of classical eclogues, that descriptive excellence, or excellence of any kind, beyond that of smooth metre, would naturally be explored. The zealous advocates of Pope, who have looked for striking description in such of his pieces as are professedly descriptive, have dreamed of beauties which they wished to find; and have been content to wonder at that art, which could make alders tremble in the wind, and sunbeams quiver on the water. Ruffhead, with singular infelicity, has quoted some foolish lines about “Naiads weeping in their watery bower,” and “Jove *consenting* in a shower,” as an instance of the picturesque. How that can be picturesque which is made up of impalpable abstractions, and conveys no sensible image, it would be difficult to explain.

But the imagery of Eloisa, whether drawn from natural scenery, from the cloyster, or the chapel, may satisfy the most fastidious connoisseur.

The darksome pines, that, o'er yon rock reclin'd,
Wave high, and murmur to the hollow wind;

have a peculiarity, a distinctness, a plaintive wildness, not unworthy of Theocritus :

The moss-grown domes, with spiry turrets crown'd,

are not wanting in picturesque effect ; and no verse in ancient or modern poetry will easily be found more exquisite than that in which the inward melancholy of the mind is said to “ breathe a browner horror on the woods.” But where all is passion and enthusiasm of sensibility, who can patiently endure to pry into tints and shades ; to listen for the rustling of a leaf, or watch for the waving of a daffodil ?

What Pope attempted he effected ; and has given proofs that if more had been attempted he would have effected more. As to general imagery, or lively representations of sensible things, his essays, and satires, and epistles, to use a happy expression of Dr. Parr, are crowded with “ galaxies of imagery,” that fling their light unexpectedly upon us, in every form of illustration and similitude. Yet Headley could assert, that “ the prose of Young has more imagery than the poetry of Pope.”

But *passion* is the native excellence of Pope ; a quality as superior to description, as spirit is to matter. “ His translation of Homer,” says Headley, “ operated like an inundation in the English republic of letters.” It did so ; and the cause must be sought in the *passion* which is sus-

tained throughout the poem. However inaccurate, however paraphractical, the ‘thoughts breathe,’ and the ‘words burn:’ and the speeches, whenever passion is concerned, are poured out in rapid, condensed, and pointed sentences of glowing eloquence, unclogged with epithets, and teeming with character. Whether homeric or not, the poem of Pope is warmed with original fire ; and the readers who nod with cold approbation over the heavy, blank interpretation of Cowper, hasten to refresh their attention, and stimulate their feelings, by the dignified and animated oratory of Pope’s Achilles. Yet all this, we are told, is the effect of a meretricious ‘dazzle of diction,’ and a ‘clock-work construction of verse!’ Surely some respect is due to the public voice, and where the many are pleased, it is, at least, possible, that the few may be mistaken.

These remarks may be thought to occupy a disproportionate space in an essay, ostensibly devoted to the merits of Habington. But in re-editing one of our earlier poets, I was anxious to escape the imputation of that antiquarian bias, which can see merit no where but in that which is obsolete : and I was not sorry to embrace an occasion of saying something in defence of a poet,

who, in his day, was revered by the learned, and esteemed by the wise; but whom it is now the fashion to pity for the poverty of his genius.

Clifton, March, 1812.

COMMENDATORY VERSES.

TO HIS BEST FRIEND AND KINSMAN

WILLIAM HABINGTON, ESQUIRE.

NOT in the silence of content, and store
Of private sweets, ought thy Muse charme no more
Than thy Castara's eare. 'Twere wrong such gold
Should not like mines, (poore nam'd to this) behold
Itselfe a publicke joy. Who her restraine,
Make a close prisoner of a soveraigne.
Inlarge her then to triumph. While we see
Such worth in beauty, such desert in thee,
Such mutuall flames betweene you both, as show
How chastity, though yce, like love can glow,
Yet stand a virgin: how that full content
By vertue is to soules united lent,
Which proves all wealth is poore, all honours are
But empty titles, highest power but care,
That quits not cost. Yet Heaven, to vertue kind,
Hath given you plenty to suffice a minde.
That knowes but temper. For beyond, your state
May be a prouder, not a happier fate.
I write not this in hope t' incroach on fame,
Or adde a greater lustre to your name,

Bright in itselfe enough. We two are knowne
To th' world, as to ourselves, to be but one,
In blood as study : and my carefull love
Did never action worth my name approve
Which serv'd not thee. Nor did we ere contend,
But who should be best patterne of a friend.
Who read thee, praise thy fancie, and admire
Thee burning with so high and pure a fire,
As reaches Heaven it selfe. But I who know
Thy soule religious to her ends, where grow
No sinnes by art or custome, boldly can
Stile thee more than good poet, a good man.
Then let thy temples shake off vulgar bayes,
Th' hast built an altar which enshrines thy praise :
And to the faith of after-time commends
Xee the best paire of lovers, us of friends.

GEORGE TALBOT.

THE AUTHOR.

THE presse hath gathered into one, what fancie had scattered into many loose papers. To write this, love stole some houres from businesse, and my more serious study. For though poetry may challenge, if not priority, yet equality, with the best sciences, both for antiquity and worth: I never set so high a rate upon it, as to give my selfe entirely up to its devotion. It hath too much ayre, and (if without offence to our next transmarine neighbour) wantons too much according to the French garbe. And when it is wholly imployed in the soft straines of love, his soul who entertaines it loseth much of that strength which should confirme him man. The nerves of judgment are weakened most by its dalliance; and when woman (I mene onely as she is externally fair) is the supreme object of wit, we soon degenerate into effeminacy. For the religion of fancie declines into a mad superstition, when it adores that idoll which is not secure from age and sicknesse. Of such heathens, our times afford us a pittied multitude, who can give no nobler testimony of twenty yeares' imployment, than some loose coppies of lust happily exprest. Yet these the common people of wit blow up with their breath of praise, and honour with the sacred name of poets: to which, as I believe, they can never have any just claime, so shall I not dare by this essay to lay any title,

since more sweate and oyle he must spend, who shall arrogate so excellent an attribute. Yet if the innocency of a chaste Muse shall bee more acceptable, and weigh heavier in the ballance of esteeme than a fame begot in adultery of study, I doubt I shall leave them no hope of competition. For how unhappie soever I may be in the elocation, I am sure the theame is worthy enough. In all those flames in which I burnt, I never felt a wanton heate; nor was my invention ever sinister from the strait way of chastity. And when love builds upon that rocke, it may safely contemne the battery of the waves and threatnings of the wind. Since time, that makes a mockery of the firmest structures, shall it selfe be ruined, before that be demolisht. Thus was the foundation layd. And though my eye, in its survey, was satisfied, even to curiosity, yet did not my search rest there. The alabaster, ivory, porphir, iet, that lent an admirable beauty to the outward building, entertained me with but a halfe pleasure, since they stood there onely to make sport for ruine. But when my soule grew acquainted with the owner of that mansion; I found that Oratory was dombe when it began to speake her, and wonder (which must necessarily seize the best at that time) a lethargie, that dulled too much the faculties of the minde, onely fit to busie themselves in discoursing her perfections: Wisdome I encountered there, that could not spend it selfe since it affected silence, attentive onely to instructions, as if all her sences had been contracted into hearing: Innocencie, so not vitiated by conversation with the world, that the subtille witted of her sex would have tearm'd it ignorance: wit, which seated it selfe most in the apprehension, and if not inforc't by good manners, would scarce have gained the name of affability: Modest'y, so timorous,

that it represented a besieged citty, standing watchfully upon her guard, strongest in the loyalty to her prince. In a word, all those vertues which should restore woman to her primitive state of beauty, fully adorned her. But I shall be censured, in labouring to come nigh the truth, guilty of an indiscreet rheroticke. However such I fancied her, for to say shee is, or was such, were to play the merchant, and boast too much the value of a iewell I possesse, but have no minde to part with. And though I appeare to strive against the streame of best wits, in erecting the selfe same altar, both to chastity and love; I will for once adventure to doe well, without a president. Nor if my rigid friend question superciliously the setting forth of these poems, will I excuse myselfe (though justly perhaps I might) that importunity prevailed, and clere judgements advised. This onely I dare say, that if they are not strangled with envie of the present, they may happily live in the not dislike of future times. For then partiality ceaseth, and vertue is without the idolatry of her clients, esteemed worthy honour. Nothing new is free from detraction, and when princes alter customes even heavie to the subject, best ordinances are interpreted innovations. Had I slept in the silence of my acquaintance, and affected no study beyond that which the chase or field allowes, poetry had then beene no scandall upon me, and the love of learning no suspicion of ill husbandry. But what malice, begot in the country upon ignorance, or in the city upon criticisme, shall prepare against me, I am armed to endure. For as the face of vertue lookes faire without the adultery of art, so fame needes no ayde from rumour to strengthen her selfe. If these lines want that courtship, (I will not say flattery) which insinuates it selfe into the favour of great men best; they partake of

my modesty : If satyre to win applause with the envious multitude, they expresse my content ; which maliceth none the fruition of that, they esteeme happie. And if not too indulgent to what is my owne ; I think even these verses will have that proportion in the world's opinion, that Heaven hath allotted me in fortune ; not so high, as to be wondred at, nor so low as to be contemned.

Castara.



PART THE FIRST.



Carmina, non prius
Audita, Musarûm sacerdos
Virginibus.

A MISTRESS.

Is the fairest treasure the avarice of Love can covet; and the onely white, at which he shootes his arrowes, nor while his aime is noble, can he ever hit upon repentance. She is chaste, for the devill enters the idoll and gives the oracle, when wantonnesse possesseth beauty, and wit maintaines it lawfull. She is as faire as Nature intended her, helpt perhaps to a more pleasing grace by the sweetnesse of education, not by the slight of art. She is young, for a woman past the delicacie of her spring, may well move by vertue to respect, never by beauty to affection. Shee is innocent even from the knowledge of sinne, for vice is too strong to be wrestled with, and gives her frailty the foyle. She is not proude, though the amorous youth interpret her modestie to that sence; but in her vertue weares so much majestie, lust dares not rebell, nor though masqued, under the pretence of love, capitulate with her. She entertaines not every parley offer'd, although the articles pretended to her advantage: advice and her owne feares re-traine her, and woman never owed ruine to too much caution. She glories not in the plurality of servants, a multitude of adorers Heaven can onely challenge; and it is impietie in her weaknesse to desire superstition from many. She is deafe to the whispers of love, and even on the marriage houre can breake off, without the least suspicion of scandall to the former liberty of her carriage.

She avoydes a too neere conversation with man, and like the Parthian overcomes by flight. Her language is not copious but apposit, and she had rather suffer the reproach of being dull company, than have the title of witty, with that of bold and wanton. In her carriage she is sober, and thinkes her youth expresseth life enough, without the giddy motion, fashion of late hath taken up. She danceth to the best applause, but doates not on the vanity of it, nor licenceth an irregular meeting to vaunt the levity of her skill. She sings, but not perpetually, for she knowes, silence in a woman is the most perswading oratory. She never arrived to so much familiarity with man as to know the demunitive of his name, and call him by it; and she can shew a competent favour: without yeelding her hand to his gripe. Shee never understood the language of a kisse, but at salutation, nor dares the courtier use so much of his practised impudence as to offer the rape of it from her: because chastity hath write it unlawfull, and her behaviour proclaimes it unwelcome. She is never sad, and yet not jiggish; her conscience is cleere from guilt, and that secures her from sorrow. She is not passionately in love with poetry, because it softens the heart too much to love: but she likes the harmony in the composition; and the brave examples of vertue celebrated by it, she proposeth to her imitation. She is not vaine in the history of her gay kindred or acquaintance: since vertue is often tenant to a cottage, and familiarity with greatnesse (if worth be not transcendant above the title) is but a glorious servitude, fooles onely are willing to suffer. She is not ambitious to be praised, and yet

vallues death beneath infamy. And Ile conclude, (though the next sinod of ladies condemne this character as an heresie broacht by a precision) that onely she who hath as great a share in vertue as in beauty, deserves a noble love to serve her, and a free poesie to speake her.

Part First.

TO CASTARA,

A SACRIFICE.

LET the chaste phoenix,¹ from the flowry East,
Bring the sweete treasure of her perfum'd nest,
As incense to this altar ; where the name
Of my Castara's grav'd by th' hand of Fame:
Let purer virgins, to redeeme the aire
From loose infection, bring their zealous prayer,
T' assist at this great feast : where they shall see,
What rites Love offers up to Chastity.

¹ *Let the chaste Phoenix.*

This epithet designates the supposed faculty of the Phoenix to regenerate itself. It is scarcely necessary to state, that after some hundred years, five hundred according to

Let all the amorous youth, whose faire desire
Felt never warmth but from a noble fire,

Ælian, the Phœnix formed itself a pyre of cinnamon and other spices :

Et cumulum texens pretiosâ fronde Sabæum,
Componit bustumque sibi, partumque futurum.

CLAUDIAN. Eidyll : I.

With precious heap of Saba's od'rous leaves
His present tomb and future cradle weaves.

The pile was enkindled by the sunbeams ; the old bird consumed away, and a young one was instantly quickened in its ashes. The supposition of the Phœnix bringing his nest to the altar of Castara, by which Habington typifies the immortality of his affection, alludes to the circumstance of this fabulous bird journeying through the air after its regeneration, and depositing the ashes of its former self on the altar of the sun, in his temple at Heliopolis, in Ægypt.

Both Herodotus and Pliny the naturalist mention the Phœnix : but in incredulous terms. Some suppose the Bird of Paradise to be the original of this chimerical creation. Brown in his "History of Vulgar Errors" considers it as emblematical ; and says that "To the Ægyptians the Phœnix was the hieroglyphic of the sun ; and this was probably the ground of the whole relation."

Every thing respecting this "bird of ages" is a riddle. A peculiar recommendation to the tawdry and affected poet of the court of Honorius ; and no less so to the imitators of

Bring hither their bright flames : which here shall
shine

As tapers fixt about Castara's shrine.

While I, the priest, my untam'd heart surprise,
And in this temple mak't her sacrifice.

Italian sonnets in the period of Charles. Accordingly we find in Cowley in Carew, and in every poet of that day, that the Phoenix is a favorite topic of allusion.

TO CASTARA,

PRAYING.

I saw Castara pray, and from the skie
A winged legion of bright angels flie,
To catch her vowes, for feare her virgin prayer
Might chance to mingle with impurer aire.
To vulgar eyes, the sacred truth I write
May secme a fancie. But the eagle's sight
Of saints, and poets, miracles oft view,
Which to dull heretikes appeare untrue.
Faire zeale begets such wonders. O divine
And purest beauty ! let me thee enshrine
In my devoted soule, and from thy praise,
'T' enrich my garland, pluck religious bayes.
Shine thou the starre by which my thoughts
shall move,
Best subject of my pen, queene of my love..

TO

ROSES IN THE BOSOME OF CASTARA.

Y^EE blushing virgins happie are
In the chaste nunn'ry of her breasts,²

² *In the chaste nunnery of her breasts.*

This is a common figure with the poets of the time. Herricke, speaking of roses in a lady's bosom, observes, not with the most elegant choice of expression,

And *snugging* there they seem'd to lie
As in a flowery nunnery.

And Colonel Lovelace adopts the metaphor in some stanzas to his *Lucaſta*, the beautiful Lucy Sacheverel; who, afterwards, concluding him to have been killed in battle, married another person. The lines are so simply graceful, that they merit transcription; independently of their being now curious, from the encreased rarity of the poems.

Tell me not sweet, I am unkinde;
That *from the nunnerie*
Of thy chaste breast and quiet minde
To warre and armes I flie.

True, a new mistresse now I chase,
The first foe in the field:

For hee'd prophane so chaste a faire,
Who ere should call them Cupid's nests.

'Transplanted thus how bright yee grow,³
How rich a perfume doe yee yeeld?
In some close garden, cowslips so
Arc sweeter than i'the open field.

In those white cloysters live secure
From the rude blasts of wanton breath,
Each houre more innocent and pure,
Till you shall wither into death.

And with a stronger faith embrace
A sword, a horse, a shield:

Yet this inconstancy is such
As you too shall adore;
I could not love thee, deare, so much
Lov'd I not Honour more.

³ *Transplanted thus how bright ye grow.*

Carew has the same thought; "On a damask rose
sticking upon a lady's breast"—

Let scent and looks be sweet, and bless that hand
That did transplant thee to that sacred land;
O happy thou, that in that garden rests,
That paradise between that lady's breasts.

Then that which living gave you roome,
Your glorious sepulcher shall be :⁴

⁴ *Your glorious sepulcher shall be.*

Herrick has adopted a similar fancy, "upon the roses in Julia's bosome:" but without the sentimental elegance of Habington.

Thrice happy roses! so much grac'd to have
Within the bosom of my love your grave;
Die when you will, your sepulchre is known,
Your grave her bosom is, the lawn the stone.

The cast of this ode reminds me of some pretty stanzas by Bernard; author of *L'Art d'Aimer*. The reader will pardon my presenting him with a translation only, as I have mislaid the original.

Nurs'd by the zephyr's balmy sighs,
And cherish'd by the tears of morn;
Oh Queen of flowers! awake! arise!
Oh haste, delicious rose, be born!

Unheeding wish! no—yet awhile,
Be yet awhile thy dawn delay'd;
Since the same hour, that sees thee smile
In orient bloom, shall see thee fade.

Themira thus, an opening flower,
Must withering droop at fate's decree;
Like her thou bloomst thy little hour,
And she alas must fade like thee.

Yet go, and on her bosom die;
At once, blest rose! thy throne and tomb;

There wants no marble for a tombe,
Whose brest hath marble beene to me.

While envious heaves my secret sigh
To share with thee so sweet a doom.

Love shall thy graceful bent advise,
Thy blushing, trem'lous leaves reveal;
Go, bright, yet hurtless, charm her eyes;
Go deck her bosom, not conceal.

Should some bold hand invade thee there,
From Love's asylum rudely torn;
Oh Rose! a lover's vengeance bear;
And let my rival feel thy thorn.

Charlotte Smith has given a version of this ode among her sonnets and poems, but has erroneously ascribed it to the Cardinal Bernis.

TO CASTARA,

A VOW.



By those chaste lamps, which yeeld a silent light
 To the cold vrnes of virgins ; by that night,
 Which guilty of no crime doth only heare
 The vowes of recluse nuns, and th' an'thrit's
 prayer ;

And by thy chaster selfe ; my fervent zeale,
 Like mountaine yce, which the north winds con-
 geale

To purest christall, feels no wanton fire :
 But as the humble pilgrim, (whose desire⁵
 Blest in Christ's cottage view, by angels' hands

⁵ ———— *whose desire*

Blest in Christ's cottage view.

The allusion is to a Romish legend of the house of the virgin being carried by angels through the air, from Nazareth to Loretto, at the time when the inhabitants of Galilee apostatized to the Mahometan faith. Habington supposes the dwelling to have been so transported from Bethlehem, on the massacre of the Innocents : to which the epithet *sacred*

Transported from sad Bethlem,) wondring stands
At the great miracle ; so I at thee,
Whose beauty is the shrine of chastity.

Thus my bright Muse in a new orbe shall move,
And even teach religion how to love.

refers. The chapel of the Lady of Loretto, in which the pilgrim "wondering stands," is called the "Santa Casa." Of this aerial journey of "The holy house," the reader will find an amusing account in "Letters from Italy by an Englishwoman; (Mrs. M. Miller) 1776," vol. 3.; and in Dr. Moore's "View of Society and Manners in Italy," vol. 1.

TO CASTARA,

OF HIS BEING IN LOVE.



WHERE am I? not in Heaven: for oh I feel^c
 The stone of Sisyphus, Ixion's wheele;
 And all those tortures, poets (by their wine
 Made judges) laid on Tantalus, are mine.

6 *For oh! I feel^c*
The stone of Sisyphus.

Perhaps suggested by *Propertius*: El. 19. lib. 2.

..... go now and sip
 Tantalean streams, that mock thy thirsty lip;
 Or toiling, the Sisyphean rock behold,
 With steep recoil from the whole mountain roll'd;
 What as a lover's fate so hard can be,
 Or what, if wise, so little wish'd by thee?

The comparison of the pleasures and pains of Love to Heaven and Hell, on which Habington has so fancifully refined, is pursued with classical elegance by *Bonifonius*, Basium 15.

Donec pressius incubo labellis, &c.

While oh! sweet girl! with close caress
 Thy pouting lips I lingering press;

Nor yet am I in Hell : for still I stand,
 Though giddy in my passion, on firme land.
 And still behold the seasons of the yeare,
 Springs in my hope, and winters in my feare.
 And sure I'm 'bove the Earth, for th' highest star
 Shoots beames, but dim, to what Castara's are ;
 And in her sight and favour I even shine
 In a bright orbe beyond the christalline.⁷

While deep I draw, with every kiss,
 Thy soul's perfume in fragrant bliss ;
 I seem a God ; or if more high
 Or blest there be, so blest am I.

But when you tear yourself away,
 Then I, who seem'd in heaven to stray ;
 Or where still higher joys abound,
 If higher than in heaven be found ;
 Am sudden snatch'd to realms of wo,
 And tread the gloomy shades below ;
 If there be regions of despair
 More dark, more deep, I wander there.

⁷ *Beyond the christalline.*

The Ptolemaic astronomy supposed the following ascents or gradations :—1. The planetary system :—2. The firmament or sphere of the fixed stars :—3. The *crystalline sphere*, or clear heaven ; to which was ascribed a trepidation, or libration ; producing certain irregular motions in the stars :—

If then, Castara, I in Heaven nor move,
Nor Earth, nor Hell ; where am I but in love?

4. The *primum mobile*, or first mover ; which communicated motion to the lower spheres ;—and 5. The empyrean, or heaven of heavens. Milton describes this system—

They pass the planets seven, and pass the fix'd,
And that *crystalline sphere* whose balance weighs
The trepidation talk'd, and that first mov'd.

Par. Lost. 3-481.

And Tasso in the descent of the arch-angel Michael.

Passa il foco, e la luce, &c.—Cant. ix. st. 60.
He pass'd the light, and shining fire, assign'd
The glorious seat of his selected crew ;
The mover first, and *circle crystalline* ;
The firmament where fixed stars all shine.

FAIRFAX.

The substance of this note is collected from Newton's notes on Paradise Lost.

TO MY HONOURED FRIEND

MR. E. P.^s

NOT still i' th' shine of kings. Thou dost retire
Sometime to th' holy shade, where the chaste quire

^s*Endymion Porter.*

He was groom of the king's bedchamber, and colonel of the 5th regiment of foot under the Earl of Newcastle. Granger speaks of him as a person "whose excellent natural parts were adorned by arts, languages, and travel. He was much in favor with James I. and his son Charles. He was a man of great generosity, wit, and spirit; and had a general acquaintance among such as were of that character. He respected learned men in general, but loved poets; and had himself a refined taste for poetry. He attended Charles, when Prince of Wales, into Spain; and was afterwards employed by him in several negotiations abroad. He was very active in secret services for the king in the civil war, and was no less dexterous in conveying his intelligence. He was so obnoxious to the parliament, that he was one of those who were always excepted from indemnity. He died abroad in the court of Charles II."

The name of Endymion Porter is mentioned, also, by Herrick, in terms of familiar friendship; though of the

Of Muses doth the stubborne panther awe,
 And give the wildnesse of his nature law.
 The wind his chariot stops: th' attentive rocke
 The rigor doth of its creation mocke,
 And gently melts away: Argus, to heare
 The musicke, turnes each eye into an eare.
 To welcome thee, Endymion, glorious they
 Triumph to force these creatures disobey
 What nature hath enacted. But no charme,
 The Muses have, these monsters can disarm
 Of their innated rage: no spell can tame
 The North-wind's fury, but Castara's name.
 Climbe yonder forked hill,* and see if there,
 I' th' barked of every Daphne, not appeare .

man and his peculiar habits, we cannot expect to learn much, from an Eclogue, in which we are told, that

Jessamine with Florabell

And dainty Amaryllis;

With handsome-handed Drosomel

Shall prank thy hook with lillies:

We learn only that he is fond of "the courtly state," and that he "vows to come away" and "pipe to the song" of *Lycidas Herrick*. This was the poetic cant of the day; and if Charles I. himself had stood in need of the "*vate sacra*," he must have consented to hold a crook, and to bleat nonsense.

* Parnassus.

Castara written ; and so markt by me,
How great a prophet growes each virgin tree !
Lie down, and listen what the sacred spring
In her harmonious murmures strives to sing
To th' neighb'ring banke, ere her loose waters erre
Through common channels ; sings she not of her ?
Behold yond' violet, which such honour gaines,
That growing but to emulate her veins,
It's azured like the skie : when she doth bow
T' invoke Castara, Heav'n perfumes her vow.
The trees, the water, and the flowers⁹ adore
The deity of her sex, and through each pore
Breath forth her glories. But unquiet Love !
To make thy passions so uncourtly prove,
As if all eares should heare her praise alone :
Now listen thou ; Endymion sings his owne.

⁹ *The trees, the water, and the flowers.*

This is a happy imitation of Petrarch ; mingling, in the usual style of that poet, metaphysical abstractions with rural imagery.

TO CASTARA.

DOE not their prophane orgies heare,
Who but to wealth no altars reare:
The soule's oft poys'ned through the eare.

Castara, rather seeke to dwell
I'th' silence of a private cell ;
Rich discontent's a glorious Hell.

Yet Hindlip doth not want extent
Of roome (though not magnificent)
To give free welcome to content.

There shalt thou see the earely Spring
That wealthy stocke of Nature bring,
Of which the Sybils bookes did sing.¹⁰

¹⁰ *Of which the Sybil's bookes did sing.*

Lactantius was of opinion, (Instit. vii. 24.) that Virgil, in his 4th Eclogue, had ingeniously transferred certain Sybil-line prophecies, respecting the coming of Christ, to the birth.

From fruitlesse palmes shall honey flow,
And barren Winter harvest show,
While lillies in his bosome grow.

No North winde shall the corne infest,
But the soft spirit of the East
Our sent with perfum'd banquets feast.

of the son of Pollio. Heyne peremptorily rejects the supposition, and contends that Virgil employed only the trite, traditionary images of a golden age: but the opinion has been maintained by men of eminent genius and learning; by Chandler, Whiston, and Cudworth. The same hypothesis is considered and supported in the tenth volume of the Asiatic Researches.

In fact it does not rest on the mere internal evidence of Virgil's eclogue, but is grounded on the collateral circumstance, that the prophetic records of other nations, besides the Jewish, and particularly those of the East, pointed consentaneously to a renovation of the world, and the appearance of some extraordinary person, about the era of the birth of Jesus. If the Sybilline books contained a similar prediction, it seems probable that Virgil alludes to them by the expression of "Cumæan song," and not to the poetry of Hesiod, as some critics have conceived. Indeed, on the true interpretation of these words, the whole question depends.

Cumberland has devoted a paper to the authenticity of the Sybilline verses, in his *Observer*, vol. 2. No. 36. A compendious account of the Sybils may be found in Hoffman.

A Satyre here and there shall trip,
In hope to purchase leave to sip
Sweete nectar from a Fairie's lip.

The Nymphs with quivers shall adorne
Their active sides, and rouse the morne
With the shrill musicke of their horne.

Wakened with which, and viewing thee,
Faire Daphne her faire selfe shall free,
From the chaste prison of a tree :

And with Narcissus (to thy face
Who humbly will ascribe all grace)
Shall once againe pursue the chase.

So they, whose wisdom did discusse
Of these as fictions, shall in us
Finde, they were more than fabulous.

TO CASTARA,

SOFTLY SINGING TO HER SELF.



SING forth, sweete cherubin, (for we have choice
Of reasons, in thy beauty and thy voyce,
To name thee so, and scarce appeare prophane)
Sing forth, that while the orbs celestiall straine
To eccho thy sweete note, our humane eares
May then receive the musicke of the spheares.¹¹

¹¹ *The musicke of the spheares.*

This imaginary music is borrowed from the doctrine of Plato; which is thus explained by Maclaurin. "If we should suppose musical chords extended from the sun to each planet; that all these chords might become unison, it would be requisite to increase or diminish their tensions in the same proportions, as would be sufficient to render the gravities of the planets equal; and from the similitude of their proportions, the celebrated doctrine of the harmony of the spheres is supposed to be derived."

Spence describes an antique gem in Baron Stosche's collection at Florence, on the outer round of which are the seven planets in chariots; Saturn drawn by serpents; Jupiter

But yet take heede, lest if the swans of Thames,¹²
That adde harmonious pleasure to the streames,

by eagles, &c. and in the centre is a person playing on two pipes ; elegantly emblematical of the planetary harmony.

¹² *The swans of Thames.*

That the Swans of the Thames have this peculiar musical faculty, was affirmed by Aldrovandus of Bologna, in his *Ornithology*, 3 vol. fol. 1599. Brown remarks, that when we consider “ the indisposition of the organs, and the immusical note of all we ever beheld or heard of, surely he that is bit with a *Tarantula* shall never be cured by this music.” *Hist. of Vulgar Errors.*

A French writer, however, the Chevalier de Jaucourt, lightly overleaps the difficulty of organic conformation, and takes the trouble to account for this melody, which he assumes as uncontroverted, by the following *satisfactory* solution. “ The swan, whose sweet song is so celebrated by the poets, does not produce the sounds by his voice ; which is very coarse and disagreeable ; but by his *wings* ; which being raised and extended when he sings, are played upon by the winds, *like an Æolian harp.*” *Encyclopédie. Art. voix.*

The reason why this melody is ascribed, in particular, to the *dying* swan, may, possibly, be accounted for by a confused association of the death of *Orpheus* ; who is supposed by *Plato*, on the principle of the *Pythagorean metempsychosis*, to have transmigrated into the body of a swan. But the original idea of this transmigration must apparently have been built on the imaginary musical property of the bird ; and the primitive cause of that opinion.

O'th' sudden heare thy well-divided breath,
Should listen, and in silence welcome death :
And ravisht nightingales, striving too high
To reach thee, in the emulation dye.¹³

is still to be sought. We do not ascend much higher on the ladder of discovery, when we find that the swan was the bird of Apollo, the God of music, among the Greeks, and a hieroglyphic of music among the Egyptians.

¹³ *And ravisht Nightingales*
In emulation die.

Strada, in his "Academical Prolusions," where he introduces a kind of masquerade of the different Roman poets, exemplifies the manner of Claudian by the description of a contest between a nightingale and a lutanist. But Habington, not improbably, took his allusion from Ford's *imitation* of Strada. "The Lover's Melancholy," in which it occurs, was published in 1629.

A nightingale,
Nature's best-skilled musician, undertakes
The challenge ; and for every several strain
The well-shap'd youth could teach, she sung her own.
He could not run division with more art
Upon his quaking instrument, than she,
The nightingale, did with her various notes
Reply to.
Some time thus spent, the young man grew at last
Into a pretty anger, that a bird
Whom art had never taught cliffs, moods, or notes,

And thus there will be left no bird to sing
Farewell to th' waters, welcome to the spring.

Should vye with him for mastery, whose study
Had busied many hours to perfect practice.
To end the controversy, in a rapture,
Upon his instrument he plays so swiftly
So many voluntaries, and so quick,
That there was curiosity and cunning,
Concord in discord; lines of diff'ring method
Meeting in one full centre of delight.

The bird, ordain'd to be
Music's first martyr, strove to imitate
These several sounds; which when her warbling throat
Fail'd in, for grief down dropt she on his lute,
And brake her heart.

Herrick instances as one of the dainties of Oberon's
feast,

The *broke heart* of a nightingale

Oercome in music :

probably derived from the same source.

“ With respect to the boasted influence of music upon animals,” observes Dr. Burney, “ though not only antiquity, but several eminent and philosophical modern writers seem to have entertained no doubt of it, yet the articles of my creed on this subject, are but very few. Even birds, so fond of their own music, are no more charmed or inspired by ours, than by the most dissonant noise. For I have long observed, that the sound of a voice or instrument of the most exquisite kind, has no other effect upon a bird in a

cage, than to make him almost burst himself in envious efforts to surpass it in *loudness*: and that the stroke of a hammer upon the wainscot or a fire-shovel, excites the same rival spirit. A singing bird is as unwilling to listen to others, as a loquacious disputant."

History of Music. 189-1.

TO A WANTON.

IN vaine, faire sorceresse, thy eyes speake charmes,
In vaine thou mak'st loose circles with thy armes;
I'me 'bove thy spels. No magicke him can move,
In whome Castara hath inspir'd her love.
As she, keepe thou strict cent'nell o're thy care,
Lest it the whispers of soft courtiers heare;
Reade not his raptures, whose invention must
Write journey worke,¹⁴ both for his patron's lust
And his own plush: let no admirer feast
His eye o'th' naked banquet of thy brest.
If this faire president, nor yet my want
Of love to answer thine, make thee recant

¹⁴ *Write journey work.*

Journée work; day-work for hire:—*plush* is put for any cloth—"whose invention must be task'd to procure clothes for his back."

Thy sorc'ries ; pity shall to justice turne,
And judge thee, witch ! in thy own flames to burne.¹⁵

¹⁵ *In thy own flames to burne.*

Allusive to the supposed sympathetic influence exerted by witches through the means of fire : as instanced by the faggot in Ovid, on which depends the life of Meleager ; or more appropriately in the laurel-bough and the wax, which the girl in Theocritus employs to consume her lover.

Δελφίς ἐμ' ἀνίασεν ἐγὼ δ' ἐπὶ Δελφίδι δαφνᾶν
Αἰθῶ.—Eidyl. 2. 23.

Ὡς τῆτον τὸν καρὸν ἐγὼ σὺν δαίμονι τακῶ.—28.

My tortur'd bosom rues the perjur'd vow ;
But, in revenge, I give this laurel bough,
The type of Delphis, to the crackling fires :
That as the spirit of his life expires,
O'er his scorch'd frame, like these, may flashes haste ;
Thus his flesh tremble ; thus a cinder waste.

POLWHELE.

Even as this wax evaporates in fume,
May Myndian Delphis, scorch'd by Love, consume.

LD.

which Virgil has imitated in his eighth eclogue ; it is singular that we have here an example of Leonine rhyme.

Limus ut hic *durescit*, et hæc ut cera *liquescit*
Uno eodemque igni, sic nostro Daphnis amore.

As fire this figure hardens, form'd of clay,
And this of wax in fire consumes away ;

Such let the soul of cruel Daphnis be,
Hard to the rest of women ; soft to me.

DRYDEN.

“ The opinion was not less prevalent in this country in the reigns of Elizabeth and James. Dr. Martyn observes, that in the beginning of the last century many persons were convicted of this practice ; and were executed accordingly, as it was deemed to be attempting the lives of others. The burning in effigy is often accompanied with the like malignity.”

POLWHELE.—Notes on Theocritus.

TO

THE HONOURABLE MY MUCH HONOURED FRIEND

R. B. ESQUIRE.

WHILE you dare trust the loudest tongue of fame,
The zeale you beare your mistresse to proclaim
To th' talking world: I, in the silenst grove,
Scarce to my selfe dare whisper that I love.
Thee titles, Brud'nell,¹⁵ riches thee adorne,
And vigorous youth, to vice not headlong borne

¹⁵ *Thee titles, Brudenell, &c.*

Robert Brudenell, afterwards second earl of Cardigan; a man who lived to the great age of 96, being born March 5, 1607, and did not die till July 16, 1703. He had the misfortune to be father to the infamous Countess of Shrewsbury, (widow of George Talbot's younger brother, Earl Francis) who held the Duke of Buckingham's horse in the disguise of a page, when he fought and killed her husband. Her sister, the Countess of Westmoreland, died in 1739, at the age of 91.—*Censura Litteraria*, vol. x. p. 195.

By th' tide of custome : which I value more
Than what blind superstitious fooles adore,
Who greatnesse in the chaire of blisse enthrone:
Greatnesse we borrow, vertue is our owne.
In thy attempt be prosperous ; and when ere
Thou shalt prefix the houre, may Hymen weare
His brightest robe ; where some fam'd Persian shall¹⁶
Worke by the wonder of her needle all
The nuptiall joyes ; which (if we poets be
True prophets) bounteous Heaven designs for thee.
I envie not, but glory in thy fate ;
While in the narrow limits of my state
I bound my hopes ; which if Castara daigne
Once to entitle hers, the wealthiest graine
My earth, untild, shall beare ; my trees shall grone
Under their fruitfull burthen ; and at one
And the same season, Nature forth shall bring
Riches of Autumne, pleasures of the Spring.

¹⁶ *Some fam'd Persian.*

Sir John Chardin, in his " Travels into Persia and the East Indies, through the Black Sea and the Country of Colchis," speaks of the Persians, in the 17th Century, as excelling the rest of the world in the richness of their tissues ; and as celebrated for their silks, velvets, and cloths, worked with flowers and foliage in silk, gold, and silver.

But digge and thou shalt finde a purer mine¹⁷
 Than th' Indians boast : taste of this generous vine,
 And her blood sweeter will than nectar prove ;
 Such miracles wait on a noble love.
 But should she scorn my suite, I'le tread that path
 Which none but some sad Fairy beaten hath.¹⁸

¹⁷ *A purer mine than th' Indians boast.*

The diamond mines of Golconda, as most known, were probably in the poet's view: Rennel mentions that of Raolconda as equally famous: and there are several not less noted. Hindostan produces, also, the sapphire and the ruby: gold is found only in the rivers. See Pinkerton's Geography, vol. 2. p. 357.

¹⁸ *Some sad fairy beaten hath.*

Sad is here used in the sense of unlucky: causing disaster, a sense not unusual with our old writers. There seems an allusion to the fairy-rings or circles of dark green grass; supposed to be caused by electricity; but by the vulgar ascribed to the fairies.

This superstition is a favorite theme with the early poets. Browne in his *Britannia's Pastorals* describes the spot

Where fairies often did their measures tread.—B. 1.
 Shakspeare abounds with it, and is fond of particularizing the minuter circumstances—

You demi-puppets that,
 By moonshine, do the green sour ringlets make
 Whereof the ewe not bites.

Tempest. Act. 5. Sc. 1.

Habington appears to touch on some traditionary notion,

Then force wrong'd Philomel,¹⁹ hearing my mone,
To sigh my greater griefes, forget her owne.

that in these dances a good and evil fairy alternately took the lead ; and that whatever mortal afterwards set his foot within the grassy circle, was happy or unfortunate accordingly. He, therefore, imagines himself to tread in the path which has been *beaten* by the ill-omened fairy.

¹⁹ *Wrong'd Philomel.*

The general practice of poets has perpetuated this classical error of the voice of the nightingale. The classic poets took their association, probably, from the tragic fable of Philomela : yet it might be supposed that the fable itself was only a consequence of this supposed melancholy music in the bird. In fact there is but one note in the whole compass of the nightingale's melody that can be called plaintive. Mr. Coleridge has vindicated the sprightliness of her tones in a poem, rich in Miltonic harmony, and in the sensible imagery of nature. See his "Nightingale" in "Wordsworth's Lyrical Ballads."

Mr. Coleridge seems to have had in view the following passage of Sylvester's *Du Bartas*.

Good Lord ! how oft, in a green oaken grove,
In the cool shadow have I stood, and strove
To marry mine immortall layes to theirs,
Rapt with delight of their delicious aiers !
And yet, methinks, in a thick thorn I hear
A nightingale to warble sweetly clear.
One while she bears the base ; anon the tenor ;
Anon the trebble ; then the counter-tenor ;

Then all at once, as it were, challenging
The rarest voices with herself to sing.
Thence thirty steps, amid the leafie sprayes
Another nightingale repeats her layes,
Just note for note ; and adds some strain at last
Which she has conned all the winter past.
The first replyes, and descants thereupon
With divine warbles of division,
Redoubling quavers ; and so, turn by turn,
Alternately they sing away the morn.

Divine Weekes. 5th Day.

It is, also, probable that a passage in Walton's *Complete Angler* glanced through the writer's mind. "He, that at midnight should hear, as I often have done, the sweet descants, the natural rising and falling, the doubling and redoubling, of the nightingale's voice, might well be lifted above the earth." Neither of these just and vivid descriptions conveys the impression of moaning and sorrowful sounds. "The one low piping sound more sweet than all," as Mr. Coleridge expresses it, is the only tone that can be so interpreted, and this is more nearly allied to tenderness than sorrow.

TO CASTARA,

INQUIRING WHY I LOVED HER.

WHY doth the stubborn iron²⁰ prove
So gentle to th' magnetique stone?

²⁰ *Why doth the stubborn iron.*

This interrogatory may possibly have been suggested by some pretty lines of Claudian : to which it is not easy to render justice in a translation :

Quis calor infundit geminis alterna metallis
Fædera ? quæ duras jungit concordia mentes ?
Flagrat anhela silex, et amicam saucia sentit
Materiem, placidos que chalybs agnoscit amores.

Magnes. Eidyll. 5. 40.

What heat infus'd the mutual metals binds,
And blends in concord these obdurate minds ?
With kindling warmth the flinty substance glows,
In secret pants its breathing fervor flows ;
From the keen touch a wounding softness proves,
And the bland steel relents in conscious loves.

How know you that the orbs doe move;
 With musicke too? since heard of none?
 And I will answer why I love.

'Tis not thy vertues,²¹ each a starre
 Which in thy soules bright spheare doe shine,
 Shooting their beauties from a farre,
 To make each gazer's heart like thine;
 Our vertues often meteors are.

²¹ *Tis not thy virtues.*

This favorite figure of seemingly undervaluing the charms or virtues of a mistress, for the purpose of enhancing some particular quality, or giving point to some delicate, sentimental compliment, seems to have originated in Propertius: 1. 2. El. 3.

Nec me tam facies, quamvis sit candida, cepit; &c.

Twass not thy face that caught my dazzled sight,
 Though less transparent is the lilly's white;
 As Ebro's red contrasts with Scythian snows,
 Or in pure milk as floats the scatter'd rose;
 Twass not the locks that shade thy neck with art,
 Nor yet those eyes, the load-stars of my heart;
 Twass not that through the vesture's silken flow
 The nymph's fine limbs with gleaming motion glow; &c.

Carew has an ode to a similar effect; not uniformly dis-

'Tis not thy face ; I cannot spie,
When poets weepe some virgin's death,
That Cupid wantons in her eye,
Or perfumes vapour from her breath ;
And 'mongst the dead thou once must lie.

Nor is't thy birth ; For I was ne're
So vaine as in that to delight :
Which, ballance it, no weight doth beare,
Nor yet is object to the sight,
But onely fils the vulgar eare.

tinguished by its delicacy, but containing much of elegant
and animated poetry :

I do not love thee for those soft
Red coral lips I've kiss'd so oft ;
Nor teeth of pearl, the double guard
To speech, whence music still is heard ;
Though from those lips a kiss being taken
Might tyrants melt and death awaken :

I do not love thee, oh my fairest,
For that richest, for that rarest
Silver pillar, which stands under
Thy sound head, that globe of wonder ;
Though that neck be whiter far
Then towers of polish'd ivory are.

Nor yet thy fortunes : since I know
They, in their motion like the sea,
Ebbe from the good, to the impious flow :
And so in flattery betray,
That raising they but overthrow.

And yet these attributes might prove
Fuell enough t'enflame desire ;
But there was something from above
Shot without reason's guide this fire :
I know, yet know not, why I love.

TO CASTARA,

LOOKING UPON HIM.



TRANSFIX me with that flaming dart,
I'th' eye, or brest, or any part,
So thou, Castara, spare my heart.

The cold Cymerian, by that bright
Warmed wound, i'th' darknesse of his night,
Might both recover heat, and light.

The rugged Scythian gently move,
I'th' whispering shadow of some grove,
That's consecrate to sportive love,

December see the primrose grow,
The rivers in soft murmurs flow,
And from his head shake off his snow.

And crooked age might feele againe
Those heates, of which youth did complaine,
While fresh blood swels each withered veyne.

For the bright lustre of thy eyes,
Which but to warme them would suffice,
May burne me to a sacrifice.

TO

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

THE COUNTESSE OF AR.²²

WING'D with delight, (yet such as still doth beare
Chast virtue's stamp) those children of the yeere,
The dayes, hast nimbly ; and while as they flie,
Each of them with their predecessors vie,
Which yeelds most pleasure ; you to them dispençe,
What Time lost with his cradle, innocence.
So I (if fancie not delude my sight,)
See often the pale monarch of the night;
Diana, 'mong her nymphs. For every quire
Of vulgar starres, who lend their weaker fire
To conquer the night's chilnesse, with their queene
In harmelesse revels tread the happy greene.

²² *The Countess of Ar.*

Margaret, daughter of William Douglas, Earl of Morton,
wife of Archibald, eighth Earl of Argyle.

Censura Litteraria. x. 196. .

But I, who am proscrib'd by tyrant Love,
Seeke out a silent exile in some grove,
Where nought, except a solitary spring,
Was ever heard, to which the Nymphs did sing
Narcissus' obsequies : For onely there
Is musique apt to catch an am'rous eare :
Castara ! oh my heart ! how great a flame
Did even shoot into me with her name ?
Castara hath betray'd me to a zeale
Which thus distracts my hopes. Flints may conceale
In their cold veynes a fire. But I, whose heart
By love's dissolv'd, ne're practis'd that cold art.
But truce thou warring passion ! for I'le now,
Madam, to you addresse this solemne vow.
By virtue and your selfe (best friends) I finde
In the interiour province of your minde
Such government, that if great men obey
Th' example of your order, they will sway
Without reproofe ; for only you unite
Honour with sweetnesse, vertue with delight.

VPON CASTARA's

FROWNE OR SMILE.



LEARNED shade of Tycho Brache, who to us
The stars propheticke language didst impart,
And even in life²³ their mysteries discusse:
Castara hath o'erthrowne thy strongest art.

When custome struggles from her beaten path,
Then accidents must needs uncertaine be :
For if Castara smile, though winter hath
Lock't up the rivers, summer's warme in me.

And Flora, by the miracle reviv'd,
Doth even at her owne beauty wondring stand :

²³ *Even in life.*

Tycho Brache, the celebrated Danish astronomer, was credulously addicted to judicial astrology. His presages were not confined to an observation of the stars. If he met an old woman when he went out of doors, or a hare upon the road when on a journey, he considered it as an ill omen, and immediately turned back.

But should she frowne, the northerne wind, arriv'd
In midst of summer, leads his frozen band ;

Which doth to yce my youthfull blood congeale,
Yet in the midst of yce still flames my zeale.

IN CASTARA,

ALL FORTUNES.



YE glorious wits, who finde than Parian stone
A nobler quarry to build trophies on,
Purchast 'gainst conquer'd time, go court loud
fame:

He wins it, who but sings Castara's name.
Aspiring soules, who grow but in a spring,
Fore't by the warmth of some indulgent king;
Know, if Castara smile, I dwell in it,
And vie for glory with the favourit.

Ye sonnes of avarice, who but to share
Vncertaine treasure with a certain care,
Tempt death in th' horrid ocean: I, when ere
I but approach her, find the Indies there.
Heaven, brightest saint! kinde to my vowes, made
thee

Of all ambition courts, th' epitome.

VPON THOUGHT CASTARA MAY DYE.



If she should dye, (as well suspect we may,
A body so compact should ne're decay)
Her brighter soule would in the Moon inspire
More chastity, in dimmer starres more fire.
You twins of Læda²⁴ (as your parents are
In their wild lusts) may grow irregular

²⁴ *You twins of Leda.*

The constellation of Gemini or the Twins: which was thought propitious to navigators. They are described by Manilius, as they are painted on the globe; in the form and attitude of naked youths, with their arms interwoven. Ovid designates them as Castor and Pollux; Horace also calls them "those bright stars, the brothers of Helen." Accordingly in marble antiques and on family medals, they appear on horseback, side by side; each with a coat of mail and a spear in his hand; and a star over his head. Spence observes, that the identity of the constellation with Castor and Pollux cannot be reconciled with the popular fable of their taking their places alternately in the higher heavens: for the stars instead of rising and

Now in your motion ; for the marriner
Henceforth shall onely steere his course by her :
And when the zeale of after time shall spie
Her uncorrupt i'th' happy marble lie,
The roses in her checkes unwithered,
'Twill turne to love, and dote upon the dead :
For he who did to her in life dispence
A Heaven, will banish all corruption thence.

setting alternately, are always seen together. The mythological amour of Leda, with Jupiter in the shape of a swan, was unknown to Homer and Hesiod ; and must, therefore, have been the invention of later mythologists.

TIME TO THE MOMENTS,

ON SIGHT OF CASTARA.

You younger children of your father stay,
Swift flying moments (which divide the day,
And with your number measure out the yeare
In various seasons) stay and wonder here.
For since my cradle, I so bright a grace
Ne're saw, as you see in Castara's face ;
Whom Nature to revenge some youthfull crime
Would never frame, till age had weakened time.
Else spight of fate, in some faire forme of clay
My youth I'de' bodied, throwne my sythe away,
And broke my glasse. But since that cannot be,
I'll punish Nature for her injurie.

On, nimble moments! in your journey flie ;
Castara shall, like me, grow old, and die.

TO A FRIEND

INQUIRING HER NAME, WHOM HE LOVED.



FOND Love himselfe hopes to disguise
 From view, if he but covered lies,
 I'th' veile of my transparent eyes.

Though in a smile himselfe he hide,
 Or in a sigh, thou art so tride
 In all his arts, hee'le be descride.

I must confesse (deare friend) my flame,
 Whose boasts Castara so doth tame,
 That not thy faith shall know her name.

'Twere prophanation of my zeale,²⁵

²⁵ *'Twere prophanation of my zeal.*

There is something of the same cast of sentiment in a
 canzon of Camoens: "A minha dôr, e o nome," &c.

Why should I indiscreetly tell
 The name my heart has kept so well?

If but abroad one whisper steale;
'They love betray who him reveale.

In a darke cave, which never eye
Could by his subtlest ray descry,
It doth like a rich minerall lye.

Which if she with her flame refine,
I'de force it from that obscure mine,
And then it like pure gold should shine.

Why to the senseless crowd proclaim
For whom ascends my bosom-flame?

LORD STRANGFORD:

Carew has turned the same thought in a different manner.

Seek not to know my love; for she
Hath vow'd her constant faith to me.
Search hidden nature; and there find
A treasure to enrich thy mind;
Discover arts not yet reveal'd,
But let my mistress live conceal'd;
Though men by knowledge wiser grow,
Yet here 'tis wisdom not to know.

A DIALOGUE

BETWEENE HOPE AND FEARE.²⁶

FEARE.

CHECKE thy forward thoughts, and know
Hymen only joynes their hands ;
Who with even paces goe,
Shee in gold, he rich in lands.

HOPE.

But Castara's purer fire,
When it meetes a noble flame ;
Shuns the smoke of such desire,
Loynes with love, and burnes the same.

²⁶ *Dialogue between Hope and Feare.*

The dialogue between Horace and Lydia, of which Herrick, in Granger's opinion, was the first professed translator, and which was afterwards both translated and imitated to satiety, seems to have been the prototype of all the dialogue lyrics, which were so fashionable in this era of our poetry.

FEARE.

Yet obedience must prevaile ;
They, who o're her actions sway,
Would have her in th' ocean saile,
And contemne thy narrow sea.

HOPE.

Parents' lawes must beare no weight
When they happinesse prevent,
And our sea is not so streight,
But it roome hath for content.

FEARE.

Thousand hearts as victims stand,
At the altar of her eyes ;
And will partiall she command
Onely thine for sacrifice ?

HOPE.

Thousand victims must returne ;
She the purest will designe :
Choose Castara which shall burne,
Choose the purest, that is mine.

TO CUPID,

Vpon A DIMPLE IN CASTARA'S CHEEKE.



NIMBLE boy, in thy warme flight
 What cold tyrant dimm'd thy sight?
 Hadst thou eyes to see my faire,
 Thou wouldst sigh thy self to ayre:
 Fearing to create this one,
 Nature had her selfe undone.
 But if you, when this you heare,
 Fall downe murdered through your eare,
 Begge of love that you may have
 In her cheeke a dimpled grave.²⁷

²⁷ *In her cheeke a dimpled grave.*

Carew has a similar conceit:

In her fair cheeks two pits do lie,
 To bury those slain by her eye:
 My grave with rose and lilly spread;
 Oh! tis a life to be so dead.

Lilly, rose, and violet
Shall the perfum'd hearse beset ;
While a beauteous sheet of lawne
O're the wanton corps is drawne :
And all lovers use this breath ;
“ Here lies Cupid blest in death.”

V P O N

CVPID'S DEATH AND BURIAL

I N

CASTARA'S CHEEKE.



CVPID's dead. Who would not die
To be interr'd so neere her eye?
Who would feare the sword, to have
Such an alabaster grave?
O're which two bright tapers burne,
To give light to the beauteous vrne:
At the first Castara smil'd,
Thinking Cupid her beguiled,
Onely counterfeiting death:
But when she perceived his breath
Quite expir'd: the mournfull girle,
To entombe the boy in pearle,
Wept so long; till pittious Iove,
From the ashes of this Love,

Made ten thousand Cupids rise,
But confin'd them to her eyes :
Where they yet, to show they lacke
No due sorrow, still weare blacke.²³
But the blacks so glorious are
Which they mourne in, that the faire
Quires of starres looke pale and fret,
Seeing themselves out shin'd by jet.

²³ *Still weare blacke.*

Alluding to the pupil of the eye, which reflects the person, that is the object of vision. This conceit of a baby, or a cupid, in the eye, is among the most trite of poetical fancies: Cowley surpasses all his brethren, in transferring the reflexion from the eye to a tear :

As stars reflect on waters, so I spy
In every drop, methinks, her eye ;
The baby which lives there, and always plays
In that illustrious sphere,
Like a Narcissus does appear,
Whilst in his flood the lovely boy did gaze.

The same image of babies in the eyes occurs repeatedly in the lesser poems of Camoens.—See Lord Strangford's translation.

TO FAME.



FLY on thy swiftest wing, ambitious Fame,
And speake to the cold North Castara's name :
Which very breath will, like the East wind, bring,
The temp'rate warmth, and musicke of the spring.
Then, from the articke to th' antarticke pole,
Haste nimbly, and inspire a gentler soule,
By naming her, i'th' torrid South ; that he
May milde as Zephyrus' coole whispers be.
Nor let the West where Heaven already joynes
The vastest empire, and the wealthiest mines,
Nor th' East, in pleasures wanton, her condemne,
For not distributing her gifts on them.

For she with want would have her bounty meet,
Love's noble charity is so discreete.

A DIALOGUE,

BETWEENE ARAPHILL AND CASTARA.

==

ARAPHILL.

Dost not thou Castara read
Am'rous volumes in my eyes?
Doth not every motion plead
What I'de shew, and yet disguise?
Sences act each other's part,
Eyes, as tongues, reveale the heart.

CASTARA.

I saw love as lightning breake
From thy eyes, and was content
Oft to heare thy silence speake:
Silent love is eloquent:
So the sence of learning heares
The dumbe musicke of the spheares.

ARAPHILL.

Then there's mercy in your kinde,
Listning to an unfain'd love :
Or strives he to tame the wind,
Who would your compassion move ?

No ; y'are pittieus as y're faire :
Heaven relents, o'ercome by prayer.

CASTARA.

But loose man too prodigall
Is in the expence of voves ;
And thinks to him kingdomes fall
When the heart of woman bowes ;
Frailty to your armes may yeeld ;
Who resists you wins the field.

ARAPHILL.

Triumph not to see me bleede ;
Let the bore, chafed from his den,
On the wounds of mankinde feede ;
Your softe sexe should pittie men :
Malice well may practise art,
Love hath a transparent heart.

CASTARA:

Yet is love all one deceit,
A warme frost, a frozen fire :
She within herself is great,
Who is slave to no desire ;
Let youth act, and age advise,
And then Love may finde his eyes.

ARAPHIEL.

Hymen's torch yeelds a dim light,
When ambition joynes our hands ;
A proud day, but mournefull night,
She sustaines, who marries lands :
Wealth slaves man : but for their ore,
Th' Indians had beene free, though poore.

CASTARA.

And yet wealth the fuell is
Which maintaines the nuptiall fire ;
And in honour there's a blisse,
Th' are immortal who aspire.
But truth sayes no joyes are sweete,
But where hearts united meete.

ARAPHILL.

Roses breath not such a sent,
To perfume the neighb'ring groves ;
As when you affirm, content
In no spheare of glory moves :
Glory narrow soules combines :
Noble hearts Love onely joynes.

TO CASTARA,

INTENDING A JOURNEY INTO THE COUNTRY.

WHY haste you hence Castara? can the Earth,
A glorious mother, in her flowry birth,
Show lillies like thy brow? Can she disclose
In emulation of thy cheek, a rose,
Sweet as thy blush? upon thy selfe then set
Just value, and scorne it thy counterfet.
The spring's still with thee; but perhaps the field,
Not warm'd with thy approach, wants force to
yeeld
Her tribute to the plough; O rather let
Th' ingratfull Earth for ever be in debt
To th' hope of sweating Industry, than we
Should starve with cold, who have no heat but
thee.
Nor feare the publicke good; Thy eyes can give
A life to all, who can deserve to live.

V P O N

CASTARA'S DEPARTURE.

I AM engag'd to sorrow, and my heart
Feeles a distracted rage. Though you depart
And leave me to my feares ; let love, in spite
Of absence, our divided soules unite.
But you must goe. The melancholy doves
Draw Venus' chariot hence : the sportive Loves
Which wont to wanton here hence with you flye,
And, like false friends, forsake me when I dye :
For but a walking tombe what can he be,
Whose best of life is forc't to part with thee ?

TO CASTARA,

UPON A TREMBLING KISS AT DEPARTURE.



Th' Arabian wind,²⁹ whose breathing gently blows
 Purple to th' violet, blushes to the rose,
 Did never yeeld an odour rich as this :
 Why are you then so thrifty of a kisse,

²⁹ *Th' Arabian wind.*

The myrrh, aloes, and frankincense, indigenous to the soil of Arabia, have naturalised the term Arabian in poetry as synonymous with fragrant.—Milton is fond of this allusion. In “Paradise Regained,” where a charmed banquet is presented by the Tempter to the Messiah, we are told that

winds

Of gentlest gale Arabian odour fann'd
 From their soft wings.

Epithets allusive to particular countries, are always graceful and picturesque from their individuality ; and interesting from the train of association which they open to the fancy : Milton abounds with such epithets : and Virgil has his *Idumean* palms, and his *Sicyonian* olives.

Authoriz'd even by custome? Why doth feare
So tremble on your lip, my lip being neare?
Thinke you I, parting with so sad a zeale,
Will act so blacke a mischief, as to steale
Thy roses thence? And they, by this device
Transplanted, somewhere else force Paradice?
Or else you feare, lest you, should my heart skip
Vp to my mouth, t' incounter with your lip,
Might rob me of it; and be judg'd in this,
T' have Iudas like betraid me with a kisse.

ON CASTARA,

LOOKING BACKE AT HER DEPARTING.

=

Looke backe Castara ! From thy eye
Let yet more flaming arrowes flye:
To live is thus to burne and dyc.

For what might glorious hope desire,
But that thy selfe, as I expire,
Should bring both death and funerall fire ?

Distracted love shall grieve to see
Such zeale in death : for feare lest he
Himselfe should be consum'd in me.

And gathering up my ashes, weepe,
That in his teares he them may steepe :
And thus embalm'd, as reliques, keepe.

Thither let lovers pilgrims turne,
And the loose flames in which they burne
Give up, as offerings to my vrne.

That then the vertue of my shrine
By miracle so long refine ;
Till they prove innocent as mine.

UPON

CASTARA'S ABSENCE.

T'is madness to give physicke to the dead ;³⁰
 Then leave me friends : Yet haply you'd here read
 A lecture ; but I'le not dissected be,³¹
 T' instruct your art by my anatomic.

³⁰ *Tis madness to give physicke to the dead.*

This is borrowed from Propertius :

Atque utinam non tam serò mihi nota fuisset
 Conditio ; Cineri nunc medicina datur.

L. 2. Eleg. 14.

Oh ! had my state been earlier known ! you shed
 Your potions, on the ashes of the dead.

³¹ *I'le not dissected be.*

It was the glory of the metaphysical poets to link together images of pleasure and horror—ideas which from common consent are thought attractive, with such as occasion aversion

But still you trust your sense, sweare you descry
No difference in me. All's deceit o'th' eye ;
Some spirit hath a body fram'd in th' ayre
Like mine, which he doth to delude you weare :
Else Heaven by miracle makes me survive
My selfe, to keepe in me poore love alive.
But I am dead ; yet let none question where
My best part rests, and with a sigh or teare,
Prophane the pompe, when they my corps interre,
My soule imparadis'd, for 'tis with her.

and disgust. Chirurgery, in particular, seems to have been
a favorite source of metaphor : Cowley says to his mistress,

Gently, ah ! gently, Madam, touch
The wound, which you yourself have made.

We need not, therefore, wonder that Carew should have
stumbled upon a similar fancy to that of Habington :

If, when I die, physicians doubt
What caus'd my death ; and, there to view
Of all their judgments which was true,
Rip up my heart ; oh then I fear
The world will see thy picture there.

TO CASTARA,

COMPLAINING HER ABSENCE IN THE COUNTRY.

'THE lesser people of the ayre conspire
To keepe thee from me. Philomel with higher
And sweeter notes, wooes thee to weepe her rape,
Which would appease the gods and change her
shape.

The early larke, preferring 'fore soft rest
Obsequious duty, leaves his downy nest,
And doth to thee harmonious tribute pay ;
Expecting from thy eyes the breake of day.
From which the owl is frighted, and doth rove
(As never having felt the warmth of love)
In uncouth vaults, and the chill shades of night,
Not biding the bright lustre of thy sight.

With him my fate agrees. Not viewing thee
I'me lost in mists : at best, but meteors see.

TO THAMES.



SWIFT in thy watry chariot, courteous Thames,
Hast by the happy error of thy streames,
To kisse the banks of Marlow, which doth show
Faire Seymors,³² and beyond that never flow.
Then summon all thy swans, that who did give
Musicke to death, may henceforth sing, and live,
For my Castara. She can life restore,
Or quicken them who had no life before.
How should the poplar else the pine provoke,
The stately cedar challenge the rude oke
To dance at sight of her? They have no sense
From Nature given, but by her influence;
If Orpheus did those senselesse creatures move,
He was a prophet and fore sang my love.

³² *Fair Seymours.*

The name of the house in which Castara resided at Marlow upon Thames.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

THE EARLE OF SHREWES.³³

MY Muse, (great lord) when last you heard her
sing,
Did to your vncles vrne her off'rings bring:
And if to fame I may give faith, your cares
Delighted in the musicke of her teares.
That was her debt to vertue. And when e're
She her bright head among the clouds shall reare,
And adde to th' wondring Heavens a new flame,
Shee'le celebrate the genius of your name.
Wilde with another race, inspir'd by love,
She charmes the myrtles of the Idalian grove,
And while she gives the Cyprian stormes a law,
Those wanton doves, which Cythereia draw

³³ *Earle of Shrewes.*

John, 10th Earl of Shrewsbury. He succeeded his uncle, George, the 9th Earl, who died unmarried April 2d, 1630; and to whom the subsequent elegy of Habington, beginning "Bright saint thy pardon," refers.

Through th' am'rous ayre, admire what power
doth sway

The ocean, and arrest them in their way.

She sings Csstara then. O she more bright,

Than is the starry senate of the night ;

Who in their motion did like straglers erre,

Cause they deriv'd no influence from her,

Who's constant as she's chaste. The Sunne hath
beene

Clad like a neighb'ring shepherd often seene

To hunt those dales, in hope than Daphne's there

To see a brighter face. Th' astrologer

In th' interim dyed, whose proud art could not
show

Whence that eclipse did on the sudden grow.

A wanton satyre eager in the chase

Of some faire nymph, beheld Castara's face,

And left his loose pursuite ; who while he ey'd,

Vnchastely, such a beauty, glorified

With such a vertue, by Heaven's great commands,

Turn'd marble, and there yet a statue stands.

As poet thus. But as a Christian now,

And by my zeale to you (my lord) I vow,

She doth a flame so pure and sacred move ;

In me impiety 'twere not to love.

TO CVPID,

WISHING A SPEEDY PASSAGE TO CASTARA.

THANKES Cupid, but the coach of Venus moves
For me too slow, drawne but by lazie doves.
I, lest my journey a delay should finde,
Will leape into the chariot of the wind.
Swift as the flight of lightning through the ayre,
Hee'le hurry me till I approach the faire,
But unkinde Seymors. Thus he will proclaime,
What tribute winds owe to Castara's name.
Viewing this prodigie, astonisht they,
Who first accesse deny'd me, will obey,
With feare, what love commands : yet censure me
As guilty of the blackest sorcery ;
But after to my wishes milder prove,
When they know this the miracle of love.

TO CASTARA,

OF LOVE.



How fancie mockes me ! By th' effect I prove,
'Twas am'rous folly wings ascrib'd to Love,
And, ore th' obedient elements, command.
Hee's lame as he is blinde, for here I stand
Fixt as the Earth. Throw then this idoll downe
Yee lovers who first made it ; which can frowne
Or smile, but as you please. But I'me untame
In rage. Castara call thou on his name,
And though he'ele not beare up my vowes to thee,
Hee'le triumph to bring downe my saint to me.

TO THE SPRING,

Vpon the uncertainty of CASTARA'S ABODE.

FAIRE mistresse of the Earth, with garlands crown'd
Rise, by a lover's charme, from the partcht ground,
And shew thy flowry wealth : that she, where ere
Her starres shall guide her, meete thy beauties
there.

Should she to the cold northerne climates goe,
Force thy affrighted lillies there to grow,
Thy roses in those gelid fields t' appeare ;
She absent, I have all their winter here.
Or if to th' torrid zone her way she bend,
Her the coole breathing of Favonious lend.
Thither command the birds to bring their quires ;
'That zone is temp'rate, I have all his fires.

Attend her, courteous Spring, though we should
here

Lose by it all the treasures of the yeere.

TO REASON,

Vpon CASTARA'S ABSENCE.



WITH your calme precepts goe, and lay a storme
In some brest flegmaticke, which would conforme
Her life to your cold lawes : in vaine y' engage
Your selfe on me, I will obey my rage.
Shee's gone, and I am lost. Some unknowne grove
I'le finde, where by the miracle of Love
I'le turne t' a fountaine, and divide the yeere,
By numbring every moment with a teare.
Where if Castara (to avoyd the beames
O' th' neigh'bring Sun) shall wandring meet my
 streames,
And tasting hope her thirst alaid shall be,
Shee'le feele a sudden flame, and burne like me :
And thus distracted cry ; " Tell me thou cleere,
But treach'rous fount, what lover's coffin'd here?"

AN

ANSWERS TO CASTARA'S QUESTION.



'Tis I, Castara, who when thou wert gone,
Did freeze into this melancholly stone,
To weepe the minutes of thy absence. Where
Can greefe have freer scope to mourne than here ?
The lark here practiseth a sweeter straine,
Aurora's early blush to entertaine,
And having too deepe tasted of these streamcs,
He loves, and amorously courts her beames.
The courteous turtle, with a wandring zeale,
Saw how to stone I did myselfe congeale,
And murm'ring askt, what power this change did
move ?

The language of my waters whispered, Love.
And thus transform'd I'll stand, till I shall see
That heart, so ston'd and frozen, thaw'd in thee.

TO CASTARA,

Vpon the DISGUIISING HIS AFFECTION.

PRONOUNCE me guilty of a blacker crime,
Then e're, in the large volume writ by Time,
The sad historian reades, if not my art
Dissembles love, to veile an am'rous heart.
For when the zealous anger of my friend
Checkes my unusuall sadnesse, I pretend
To study vertue, which indeede I doe ;
He must court vertue, who aspires to you.
Or that some friend is dead, and then a teare,
A sigh, or groane steales from me : for I feare
Lest death with love hath strooke my heart, and all
These sorrowes usher but its funerall :

Which should revive, should there you a
mourner be,
And force a nuptiall in an obsequie.

TO THE HONOURABLE

MY HONOURED KINSMAN, MR. G. T.³⁴

=====

THrice hath the pale-fac'd empress of the night
Lent in her chaste increase her borrowed light,
To guide the vowing mariner, since mute
Talbot th'ast beene ; too slothfull to salute
Thy exil'd servant. Labour not t' excuse
This dull neglect : love never wants a muse.
When thunder summons from eternall sleepe
Th' imprison'd ghosts, and spreads o' th' frighted
 deepe
A veile of darknesse, penitent to be
I may forget, yet still remember thee,

³⁴ *My honoured Kinsman Mr. G. T.*

The Hon. George Talbot. He must have been one of the three younger sons of John Talbot of Longford, (brother to George Earl of Shrewsbury) whose names are not mentioned in Collins's Peerage. *Censura Litteraria*, vol. 10. p. 193.

Next to my faire; under whose eye-lids move,
In nimble measures, beauty, wit, and love.
Nor think Castara (though the sex be fraile,
And ever like uncertaine vessels saile
On th' ocean of their passions; while each wind,
Triumphs to see their more uncertaine mind,)
Can be induc't to alter. Every starre
May in its motion grow irregular ;
The Sunne forget to yeeld his welcome flame
To th' teeming Earth, yet she remaine the same:
And in my armes (if poets may divine)
I once that world of beauty shall intwine:
And on her lips print volumes of my love,
Without a froward checke, and sweetly move
I'th' labrinth of delight. If not, I'le draw
Her picture on my heart, and gently thaw
With warmth of zeale, untill I Heaven entreat,
To give true life to th' ayery counterfeit.

ECCHO TO NARCISSUS,

IN PRAISE OF CASTARA'S DISCREETE LOVE.

SCORN'D in thy watry vrne Narcissus lye,
Thou shalt not force more tribute from my eye
T' increase thy streames : or make me weepe a
 showre,
To adde fresh beauty to thee, now a flowre.
But should relenting Heaven restore thee sence
To see such wisdom temper innocence
In faire Castara's loves ; how shee discreet
Makes caution with a noble freedome meete,
At the same moment ; thou'ld'st confesse, fond boy,
Foolles onely think them vertuous, who are coy.
And wonder not that I, who have no choyce
Of speech, have, praying her, so free a voyce :
Heaven her severest sentence doth repeale,
When to Castara I would speake my zeale.

TO CASTARA,

BEING DEBARR'D HER PRESENCE.



BANISHT from you, I charg'd the nimble winde,
My unseene messenger, to speake my minde,
In am'rous whispers to you. But my Muse,
Lest the unruly spirit should abuse
The trust repos'd in him, sayd it was due
To her alone, to sing my loves to you.
Heare her then speake. "Bright lady, from whose
eye
Shot lightning to his heart, who joyes to dye
A martyr in your flames: O let your love
Be great and firme as his: Then nought shall
move
Your settled faiths, that both may grow together:
Or if by Fate divided, both may wither.

Harke! 'twas a groane. Ah how sad absence
 rends

His troubled thoughts! See, he from Marlow sends
His eyes to Seymors. Then chides th' envious trees,
And unkinde distance. Yet his fancie sees
And courts your beauty, joyes as he had cleav'd
Close to you, and then weepes because deceiv'd.
Be constant as y'are faire. For I fore-see
A glorious triumph waits o'th' victorie
Your love will purchase, showing us to prize
A true content. There onely Love hath eyes."

TO SEYMORS,

THE HOUSE IN WHICH CASTARA LIVED.

BLEST temple, haile, where the chast altar stands,
Which Nature built, but the exacter hands
Of vertue polisht. Though sad fate deny
My prophane feete accesse, my vovves shall flye.
May those musitians, which divide the ayre
With their harmonious breath, their flight prepare
For this glad place, and all their accents frame,
To teach the eccho my Castara's name.

The beautious troopes of Graces, led by Love
In chaste attempts, possesse the neighb'ring grove,
Where may the spring dwell still. May every tree
Turne to a laurell, and propheticke be,
Which shall in its first oracle divine,
That courteous Fate decrees Castara mine.

TO THE DEW,

IN HOPE TO SEE CASTARA WALKING.

=

BRIGHT dew, which dost the field adorne,
As th' Earth, to welcome in the morne,
Would hang a jewell on each corne :

Did not the pittious night, whose eares
Have oft beene conscious of my feares,
Distil you from her eyes as teares ?

Or that Castara for your zeale,
When she her beauties shall reveale,
Might you to dyamonds congeale ?

If not your pity, yet how ere
Your care I praise, 'gainst she appeare,
To make the wealthy Indies here.

But see she comes. Bright lampe o'th' skie,
Put out thy light : the world shall spie
A fairer Sunne in either eye.

And liquid pearl, hang heavie now
On every grasse, that it may bow
In veneration of her brow.

Yet if the wind should curious be,
And were I here should question thee,
Hee's full of whispers, speake not me.

But if the busie tell-tale day
Our happy interview betray ;
Lest thou confesse too, melt away.

TO CASTARA.

==

STAY under the kinde shadow of this tree
Castara, and protect thyself and me
From the Sunne's rayes. Which show the grace
of kings

A dangerous warmth with too much favour brings.
How happy in this shade the humble vine
Doth 'bout some taller tree her selfe intwine,
And so growes fruitfull ; teaching us her fate
Doth beare more sweetes, though cedars beare
more state ;

Behold Adonis in yand' purple flowre :
T' was Venus' love : That dew, the briny showre,
His coyresse wept, while struggling yet alive :
Now he repents and gladly would revive,

By th' vertue of your chaste and powerfull
charmes,

To play the modest wanton in your armes.

TO CASTARA,

VENTURING TO WALKE TOO FARRE IN THE
NEIGHBOURING WOOD.



DARE not too farre Castara, for the shade
This courteous thicket yeelds hath man betray'd
A prey to wolves to the wilde powers o'th' wood ;
Oft travellers pay tribute with their blood,
If careless of thy selfe, of me take care ;
For like a ship, where all the fortunes are
Of an advent'rous merchant ; I must be,
If thou should'st perish, banquerout in thee.
My feares have mockt me. Tygers, when they shall
Behold so bright a face, will humbly fall
In adoration of thee. Fierce they are
To the deform'd, obsequious to the faire.

Yet venture not ; 'tis nobler farre to sway
The heart of man, than beasts, who man obey.

UPON

CASTARA'S DEPARTURE.

VOWES are vaine. No suppliant breath
Stayes the speed of swift-heel'd Death.
Life with her is gone, and I
Learn but a new way to 'dye.
See the flowers condole, and all
Wither in my funerall.
The bright lilly, as if day
Parted with her, fades away.
Violets hang their heads, and lose
All their beauty. That the rose
A sad part in sorrow beares,
Witnesse all those dewy teares,
Which as pearle, or dyamond like,
Swell upon her blushing cheek.

All things mourne, but oh behold
How the withered marigold³⁵
Closeth up, now she is gone,
Iudging her the setting Sunne.

³⁵ *How the wither'd marigold.*

The notion of the marigold closing when the sun sets, is commonly adopted by the poets; and is perhaps a popular doctrine. Drayton has the "morn-lov'd marigold:" and Browne in his "Britannia's Pastorals" observes

———— the day is waxen old,
And gins to shut in with the marigolde.

A DIALOGUE

BETWEENE NIGHT AND ARAPHIL.

NIGHT.

LET silence close thy troubled eyes,
Thy feare in Lethe steepe :
The starres, bright cent'nels of the skies,
Watch to secure thy sleepe.

ARAPHIL.

The North's unruly spirit lay
In the disordered seas :
Made the rude winter calm as May,
And gave a lover ease.

NIGHT.

Yet why should feare with her pale charmes,
Bewitch thee so to griefe ?
Since it prevents n'insuing harmes,
Nor yeelds the past reliefe.

ARAPHIL.

And yet such horreur I sustaine
As the sad vessell, when
Rough tempest have incenst the maine,
Her harbour now in ken.

NIGHT.

No conquest weares a glorious wreath,
Which dangers not obtaine :
Let tempests 'gainst the shipwracke breathe,
Thou shalt thy harbour gaine.

ARAPHIL.

Truth's Delphos doth not still foretel,
'Though Sol th' inspirer be ;
How then should Night, as blind as Hell,
Ensuing truths fore-see ?

NIGHT.

The Sunne yeelds man no constant flame;
One light those priests inspires;
While I though blacke am still the same,
And have ten thousand fires.

ARAPHIL.

But those, sayes my propheticke feare,
As funerall torches burne,
While thou thy selfe the blackes dost weare,
T' attend me to my vrne.

NIGHT.

Thy feares abuse thee, for those lights
In Hymen's church shall shine,
When he by th' mystery of his rites,
Shall make Castara thine.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

THE LADY, E. P.³⁶

YOur judgment's cleere, not wrinckled with the
time,
On th' humble fate; which censures it a crime
To be by vertue ruin'd. For I know
Y' are not so various as to ebbe and flow
I' th' streame of Fortune, whom each faithlesse
winde
Distracts, and they who made her, fram'd her
blinde.

³⁶ *The Lady E. P.*

Lady Eleanor Powis: wife of William Herbert, first Lord Powis, and daughter of Henry Percy, 8th Earl of Northumberland: the mother of Habington's Castara.

Possession makes us poore. Should we obtaine
All those bright jems, for which i' th' wealthy
maine

The tann'd slave dives ; or in one boundless chest
Imprison all the treasures of the West,
We still should want. Our better part's immence,
Not like th' inferiour, limited by sence.

Rich with a little, mutuall love can lift
Vs to a greatnesse, whither chance nor thrift
E're rais'd her servants For, though all were spent,
That can create an Europe in content.

Thus (madam) when Castara lends an eare
Soft to my hope, I, love's philosopher,
Winne on her faith. For when I wondring stand
At th' intermingled beauty of her hand,
(Higher I dare not gaze) to this bright veine
I not ascribe the blood of Charlemaine³⁶

³⁶ ———— *the blood of Charlemaine*

Deriv'd from you to her.

Agnes, youngest daughter of William de Percy, on whom the inheritance of the family estate devolved in the 6th of King John, married Josceline de Louvaine, Son of Godfrey, Duke of Brabant; this ancestor of the Earls of Northumberland traced his descent from Charlemagne. See his pedigree in *Collins's Peerage*, vol. 5, 310. Sir Edward

Deriv'd by you to her ; or say there are,
In that and th'other, Marmion, Rosse, and Parr,
Fitzhugh, Saint Quintin, and the rest of them
That adde such lustre to great Pembroke's stem.
My love is envious. Would Castara were
The daughter of some mountaine cottager,
Who, with his toile worne out, could dying leave
Her no more dowre, than what she did receive
From bounteous nature. Her would I then lead
To th' temple, rich in her owne wealth ; her head
Crown'd with her haire's faire treasure ; diamonds
in

Her brighter eyes ; soft ermines in her skin ;
Each Indie in her cheeke. Then all who vaunt,
That Fortune, them t' enrich, made others want,

Herbert of Poole Castle, Montgomeryshire, (afterwards Powis Castle) brother to Henry Earl of Pembroke, was ancestor to the Marquis of Powis. The titles of the Earldom of Pembroke are, Herbert Earl of Pembroke and Montgomery ; Baron Herbert of Caerdiff ; Ross of Kendall ; Parr, Fitzhugh, Marmion, St. Quintin, and Herbert of Shurland.

37 Each Indie in each cheeke.

An allusion to rubies. Shakspeare employs the same metaphor in a burlesque sense :

Should set themselves out glorious in her stealth,
And trie if that could parallel this wealth.

S. Antipholis. Where America ? the Indies ?

S. Dromio. Oh Sir, upon her nose : all oer
embellished with *rubies*, carbuncles, sapphires,
declining their rich aspect to the hot breath
of Spain.

Comedy of Errors, Act 3, Scene 2.

TO CASTARA,

DEPARTING UPON THE APPROACH OF NIGHT.



WHAT should we feare Castara? The coole aire,
That's false in love, and wantons in thy haire,
Will not betray our whispers. Should I steale
A nectar'd kisse, the wind dares not reveale
The pleasure I possesse. The wind conspires
To our blest interview, and in our fires
Bathes like a salamander, and doth sip,
Like Bacchus from the grape, life from thy lip.
Nor thinke of night's approach. The world's great
eye

Though breaking Nature's law, will us supply
With his still flaming lampe: and to obey
Our chaste desires, fix here perpetuall day.

But should he set, what rebell night dares rise,
To be subdu'd i'th' vict'ry of the eyes?

AN APPARITION.

==

MORE welcome my Castara, than was light
To the disordered chaos. O what bright
And nimble chariot brought thee through the aire?
While the amazed stars, to see so faire
And pure a beauty from the Earth arise,
Chang'd all their glorious bodies into eyes.
O let my zealous lip print on thy hand
The story of my love, which there shall stand
A bright inscription, to be read by none,
But who as I love thee, and love but one.

Why vanish you away? Or is my sense
Deluded by my hope? O sweete offence
Of erring nature! And would Heaven this had
Beene true; or that I thus were ever mad.

TO THE HONOURABLE MR. WM. E.

HEE who is good is happy.³⁸ Let the loude
Artillery of Heaven³⁹ breake through a cloud

³⁸ *He who is good is happy.*

The same sentiment, and in the same words, occurs in
Rowe's "Fair Penitent."

Then to be good
Is to be happy.

³⁹ *Artillery of heaven.*

Crashaw in his 'Sacred Poems' has "Heaven's great
artillery:" So also Shakspeare. *Taming of the Shrew*, A.
1, S. 2.

Have I not heard great ordnance in the field,
And heaven's artillery thunder in the skies?

The sentiment is borrowed from Horace : L. 3. od. 3.

Nec fulminantis magna Jovis manus :

And dart its thunder at him, hee'le remaine
Vnmov'd, and nobler comfort entertaine
In welcomming th' approach of death, than vice
Ere found in her fictitious paradise.
Time mocks our youth,⁴⁰ and (while we number
past
Delights, and raise our appetite to taste

Si fractus illabatur orbis
Impavidum ferient ruinæ.

Not the red arm of angry Jove
That flings the thunder from the sky,
And gives it rage to roar, and strength to fly ;
The stubborn virtue of his soul can move.

Should the whole frame of nature round him break,
In ruin and confusion hurl'd ;
He, unconcern'd, would hear the mighty wreck,
And stand secure amidst a falling world.

ADDISON.

This noble paraphrase of Addison has fallen into undeserved oblivion, from the vulgarism and ludicrous triviality of a single word ; which I have taken the liberty to alter. The sly irony of Pope did not spare this mighty *crack* of a world in ruins. See the Treatise on the Baths.

Ensuing) brings us to unflatter'd age.
 Where we are left to satisfy the rage
 Of threatening death : pomp, beauty, wealth, and all
 Our friendships, shrinking from the funerall.
 The thought of this begets that brave disdain
 With which thou view'st the world, and makes those
 vaine
 Treasures of fancy, serious fooles so court,
 And sweat to purchase, thy contempt or sport.
 What should we covet here ? Why interpose
 A cloud twixt us and Heaven ? kind Nature chose
 Man's soule th' exchequer where she'd hoord her
 wealth,
 And lodge all her rich secrets ; but by th' stealth

40 *Time mocks our youth.*

Probably suggested by a passage in Juvenal. Sat. 9. 126.

Festinat enim decurrere velox
 Flosculus angustæ, miseræque brevissima vitæ
 Portio ; dum bibimus ; dum sertæ, unguenta, puellas
 Poscimus, obrepit non intellecta senectus.

Brief is the span of life's afflicted day,
 And youth's fleet blossom drops, and fades away.
 While breathing liquid odours, bath'd in wine,
 We press the blooming nymph ; the garland twine ;
 Age, creeping on our pleasures, steals between
 With unsuspected pace, and shuts the scene.

Of our own vanity, w'are left so poore,
The creature meerely sensuall knowes more.
The learned halcyon by her wisdom finds
A gentle season, when the seas and winds
Are silenc't by a calme, and then brings forth
The happy miracle of her rare birth,
Leaving with wonder all our arts possest,
That view the architecture of her nest.
Pride raiseth us 'bove justice. We bestowe
Increase of knowledge on old minds, which grow
By age to dotage: while the sensitive
Part of the world in it's first strength doth live.
Folly? what dost thou in thy power containe
Deserves our study? Merchants plough the maine
And bring home th' Indies, yet aspire to more
By avarice, in the possession poore.
And yet that idoll wealth we all admit
Into the soule's great temple, busie wit
Invents new orgies, fancy frames new rites
'To show it's superstition, anxious nights
Are watcht to win its favour: while the beast
Content with Nature's courtesie doth rest.
Let man then boast no more a soule, since he
Hath lost that great prerogative. But thee

(Whom fortune hath exempted from the heard
Of vulgar men, whom vertue hath prefer'd
Farre higher than thy birth) I must commend,
Rich in the purchase of so sweete a friend.
And though my fate conducts me to the shade
Of humble quiet, my ambition payde
With safe content, while a pure virgin fame
Doth raise me trophies in Castara's name.
No thought of glory swelling me above
The hope of being famed for vertuous love.
Yet wish I thee, guided by the better starres
To purchase unsafe honour in the warres
Or envied smiles at court; for thy great race,
And merits, well may challenge th' highest place.
Yet know, what busie path so ere you tread
To greatnesse, you must sleepe among the dead.

TO CASTARA,

THE VANITY OF AVARICE.

==

HARKE ! how the traytor wind doth court
The saylors to the maine ;
To make their avarice his sport :
A tempest checks the fond disdaine ;
They beare a safe though humble port.

Wee'le sit, my Love, upon the shore,
And while proud billowes rise
To warre against the skie, speake ore
Our love's so sacred misteries ;
And charme the sea to th' calme it had before.

Where's now my pride to extend my fame

Where ever statues are ?

And purchase glory to my name

In the smooth court or rugged warre ?

My love hath layd the devill, I am tame.

I'de rather like the violet grow

Vnmarkt i'th' shaded vale,

Than on the hill those terrors know

Are breath'd forth by an angry gale ;

There is more pomp above, more sweete below.

Love, thou divine philosopher

(While covetous landlords rent,

And courtiers dignity preferre)

Instructs us to a sweete content ;

Greatnesse it selfe doth in itselfe interre.

Castara, what is there above

The treasures we possesse ?

We two are all and one, wee move

Like starres in th' orbe of happinesse.

All blessings are epitomiz'd in love,

TO MY HONOURED FRIEND AND KINSMAN

R. ST. ESQUIRE.

It shall not grieve me (friend) though what I
write

Be held no wit at court. If I delight
So farre my sullen genius, as to raise
It pleasure ; I have money, wine, and bayes
Enough to crowne me poet. Let those wits,
Who teach their Muse the art of parasites
To win on easie greatnesse ; or the yongue
Spruce lawyer, who's all impudence and tongue,
Sweat to divulge their fames : thereby the one
Gets fees ; the other hyre ; I'em best unknowne :
Sweet silence I embrace thee, and thee Fate,
Which didst my birth so wisely moderate ;

That I by want am neither vilified,
Nor yet by riches flatter'd into pride.
Resolve me friend (for it must folly be
Or else revenge 'gainst niggard destinie,
That makes some poets raile;) Why are their
rimes
So steep in gall? Why so obrayde the times?
As if no sin call'd downe Heavn's vengeance more
Than cause the world leaves some few writers
poore?
Tis true, that Chapman's reverend ashes⁴¹ must
Lye rudely mingled with the vulgar dust,

⁴¹ *Chapman's reverend ashes.*

George Chapman, the dramatic poet and translator, the friend of Jonson and Sidney, died in 1634, and was buried at St. Giles's in the fields. A monument was afterwards erected over his grave by Inigo Jones.

Granger has spoken slightly of Chapman's Homer, by which he is chiefly remembered, on the loose authority of Pope—but we have the still higher authority of Dryden, in favour of his poetical fire. His version of Hesiod's Works and Days is close, vigorous, and elegant. Of this uncommonly scarce work, I have exhibited some specimens in the appendix to my translation of Hesiod.

Cause carefull heyers the wealthy onely have,
To build a glorious trouble o're the grave.
Yet doe I not despaire, some one may be
So seriously devout to poesie,
As to translate his reliques, and finde roome
In the warme church, to build him up a tombe.
Since Spencer hath a stone;⁴² and Drayton's
browes⁴³
Stand petrified i'th' wall, with laurell bowes
Yet girt about ; and nigh wise Henrie's herse,

⁴² *Spencer hath a stone.*

Spenser was interred near Chaucer in the great South-cross-aisle of Westminster Abbey, pursuant to his own desire : and a monument raised to him by Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex.

⁴³ *Drayton's browes.*

The bust of Drayton, in Westminster Abbey, is encircled with a wreath of laurel. Drayton is seldom recollected but by his *Poly-Olbion* : of which the accuracy is praised by Nicolson ; but a chorographical poem is not very attractive ; and the heavy roll of his rumbling alexandrines fatigues the ear. There is much of fine poetry, however, in his other pieces ; such as " *The Barons' Wars*," and " *England's Heroical Epistles*." The whole of Drayton's poems are judiciously included by Mr. Chalmers in his copious collection.

Old Chaucer got a marble for his verse.
So courteous is Death ; Death poets brings
So high a pompe, to lodge them with their kings :
Yet still they mutiny. If this man please
His silly patron with hyperboles ;
Or most mysterious non-sence give his braine
But the strapado in some wanton straine ;
Hee'le sweare the state lookes not on men of parts,
And, if but mention'd, slight all other arts.
Vaine ostentation ! Let us set so just
A rate on knowledge, that the world may trust
The poet's sentence, and not still aver
Each art is to it selfe a flatterer.
I write to you, sir, on this theame, because
Your soule is cleare, and you observe the lawes
Of poesie so justly, that I choose
Yours onely the example to my Muse.
And till my browner haire be mixt with gray,
Without a blush, Ile tread the sportive way,
My Muse directs ; a poet youth may be,
But age doth dote without philosophie.

TO THE WORLD.

THE PERFECTION OF LOVE.

You who are earth, and cannot rise
Above your sence,
Boasting the envyed wealth which lyes
Bright in your mistris' lips or eyes,
Betray a pittied eloquence.

That, which doth joyne our soules, so light
And quicke doth move,
That, like the eagle in his flight,
It doth transcend all humane sight,
Lost in the element of love.

You poets reach not this, who sing
The praise of dust
But kneaded, when by theft you bring
The rose and lilly from the spring,
T' adorne the wrinckled face of lust.

When we speake love, nor art, nor wit
We glosse upon :
Our soules engender, and beget
Ideas which you counterfeit
In your dull propagation.

While time seven ages shall disperse,
Wee'le talke of love,
And when our tongues hold no commerse,
Our thoughts shall mutually converse ;
And yet the blood no rebell prove.

And though we be of severall kind,
Fit for offence:
Yet are we so by love refin'd,
From impure drosse we are all mind,
Death could not more have conquer'd sence.

How suddenly those flames expire

Which scorch our clay?

Prometheus-like, when we steale fire

From Heaven, 'tis endlesse and intire ;

It may know age, but not decay.

TO THE WINTER.



WHY dost thou looke so pale, decrepit man?

Why doe thy cheeks curle like the ocean,
Into such furrowes? Why dost thou appeare
So shaking like an ague to the yeare?

The Sunne is gone. But yet Castara stayes,
And will add stature to thy pigmy dayes,
Warme moysture to thy veynes; her smile can
bring

Thee the sweet youth, and beauty of the spring.
Hence with thy palsie then, and on thy head
Weare flowrie chaplets, as a bridegroome led
To th' holy fane. Banish thy aged ruth,
That virgins may admire and court thy youth;
And the approaching Sunne, when she shall finde
A spring without him, fall, since uselesse, blinde.

UPON

A VISIT TO CASTARA IN THE NIGHT.

'T WAS night : when Phœbe, guided by thy rayes,
Chaste as my zeale, with incense of her praise,
I humbly crept to my Castara's shrine.
But oh my fond mistake ! for there did shine
A noone of beauty, with such lustre crown'd,
As showd 'mong th' impious onely night is found.
It was her eyes which like two diamonds shin'd,
Brightest i'th' dark. Like which could th' Indian
find

But one among his rocks, he would out vie
In brightnesse all the diamonds of the skie.
But when her lips did ope, the phœnix nest
Breath'd forth her odours ; where might Love once
feast,

Hee'd loath his heauenly serfets : if we dare
Affirme, Love hath a Heaven without my faire.

TO CASTARA,

OF THE CHASTITY OF HIS LOVE.



WHY would you blush Castara, when the name
Of Love you heare? who never felt his flame,
I'th' shade of melancholly night doth stray,
A blind Cymmerian⁴⁴ banisht from the day.

⁴⁴ *A blind Cimmerian.*

Homer in the eleventh book of his Odyssey, v. 14, thus describes the city of the Cimmerians :

the ship now reach'd the verge
Of the deep flowing ocean ; on that shore
Arose the city of Cimmerian men ;
With mist and darkness wrapt : nor e'er on them
The shining sun looks down with darted beams ;
Nor when he climbs the starry heavens ; nor when
Earthward he turns his chariot from the sky.

It is conjectured that the Cymmerians were a people on

Let's chastly love, Castara, and not soyle
 This virgin lampe, by powring in the oyle
 Of impure thoughts. O let us sympathize,
 And onely talk i'th' language of our eyes,
 Like two starres in conjunction. But beware,
 Lest th' angels, who of love compacted are,

the western coast of Italy, who lived by plunder, and had
 their lurking places in caves on the sea-shore.

This seems to have been a favorite allusion with our
 early writers. Spenser in his "Teares of the Muses,"
 speaks of

Darknesse more than Cymmerians' daily night.

So also in Sidney's *Arcadia* : Book 3 :

" Let Cymmerian darkness be my only habitation."

In Fletcher's *False One* ; Act. 2. Sc. 4. We meet with

Oh giant-like Ambition ! wedded to

Cymmerian darkness !

And Marston in his *Scourge of Villany* : b, 3, S. 10, has
 this passage :

Dull-spighted Melancholy ! leave my brain !—

To hell ! Cimmerian night !

Which Warton supposes Milton to have had in his eye, when
 he wrote

" Hence loathed Melancholy

* * * * *

In dark Cimmerian desert ever dwell.

L'ALLEGRO.

Viewing how chastly burnes thy zealous fire,
Should snatch thee hence, to joyne thee to their
 quire.

Yet take thy flight; on Earth for surely we
So joyn'd, in Heaven cannot divided be.

THE DESCRIPTION OF CASTARA.

LIKE the violet which alone
Prosper in some happy shade ;
My Castara lives unknowne,
To no looser eye betray'd,
For shee's to her selfe untrue,
Who delights i'th' publicke view.

Such is her beauty, as no arts
Have enricht with borrowed grace ;
Her high birth no pride imparts,
For she blushes in her place.
Folly boasts a glorious blood,
She is noblest, being good.

Cautious, she knew never yet
What a wanton courtship meant;
Not speaks loud to boast her wit,
In her silence eloquent :
Of her self survey she takes,
But 'twene men no difference makes.

She obeyes with speedy will
Her grave parents' wise commands;
And so innocent, that ill
She nor acts, nor understands :
Women's feet runne still astray,
If once to ill they know the way.

She sailes by that rocke, the court,
Where oft honour splits her mast :
And retirednesse thinks the port,
Where her fame may anchor cast :
Vertue safely cannot sit,
Where vice is enthon'd for wit.

She holds that daye's pleasure best,
Where sinne waits not on delight;
Without maske, or ball, or feast,
Sweetly spends a winter's night :

O're that darknesse, whence is thrust
Prayer, and sleepe oft governs lust.

She her throne makes reason climbe,
While wild passions captive lie ;
And, each article of time,
Her pure thoughts to Heaven flie :
All her vowes religious be,
And her love she vowes to me.

Castara.



PART THE SECOND.



Vatumque lascivos triumphos
Calcat amor, pede conjugali.

A WIFE

As the sweetest part in the harmony of our being. To the love of which, as the charmes of Nature inchant us, so the law of Grace by speciall priviledge invites us. Without her, man, if piety not restraine him, is the creator of sinne; or, if an innated cold render him not onely the businesse of the present age, the murderer of posterity. She is so religious, that every day crownes her a martyr, and her zeale neither rebellious nor uncivill. Shee is so true a friend, her husband may to her communicate even his ambitions, and if successe crowne not expectation, remaine neverthelesse uncontemn'd. Shee is colleague with him in the empire of prosperity; and a safe retyring place, when adversity exiles him from the world. Shee is so chaste, she never understood the language lust speakes in; nor with a smile applaudes it, although there appeare wit in the metaphore. Shee is faire onely to winne on his affections, nor would she be mistress of the most eloquent beauty, if there were danger, that might persuade the passionate auditory, to the least irregular thought. Shee

is noble by a long descent, but her memory is so evill a herald, shee never boasts the story of her ancestors. Shee is so moderately rich, that the defect of portion doth neither bring penury to his estate, nor the superfluity licence her to riot. Shee is liberall, yet owes not ruine to vanity ; but knowes charity to be the soule of goodnesse, and vertue without reward often prone to bee her owne destroyer. Shee is much at home, and when she visits, 'tis for mutuall commerce, not for intelligence. Shee can goe to court, and returne no passionate doater on bravery ; and when she has seen the gay things muster up themselves there, she considers them as cobwebs the spider vanity hath spunne. Shee is so generall in her acquaintance, that shee is familiar with all whom fame speakes vertuous ; but thinks there can bee no friendship but with one ; and therefore hath neither shee friend nor private servant. Shee so squares her passion to her husband's fortunes, that, in the country, she lives without a froward melancholly, in the towne without a fantastique pride. She is so temperate, she never read the moderne pollicie of glorious surfeits : since she finds nature is no epicure, if art provoke her not by curiositie. Shee is inquisitive only of new ways to please him, and her wit sayles by no other compasse than that of his direction. Shee lookes upon him as conjurors upon the circle, beyond which there is nothing but Death and Hell ; and in him she beleeves Paradice circumscrib'd. His vertues are her wonder and imitation ; and his errors her credulitie thinks no more frailtie, than makes him descend to the title of man. In a word, shee so lives,

that shee may dye, and leave no cloude upon her memory, but have her character nobly mentioned: while the bad wife is flattered into infamy, and buyes pleasure at too deare a rate, if she onely payes for it repentance.

Part Second.

TO CASTARA,

NOW POSSEST OF HER IN MARRIAGE.

THIS day is ours. The marriage angell now
Sees th' altar, in the odour of our vow,
Yeeld a more precious breath, than that which
moves
The whispering leaves in the Panchayan groves.⁴⁵

⁴⁵ *Panchaia* groves.

This epithet is borrowed from classical usage. In Virgil's
second Georgic we meet with

Totaque turiferis Panchaia pinguis arenis. v. 139

Panchaia, rich with incense-bearing sands.

View how his temples shine, on which he weares
A wreath of pearle, made of those precious teares

And in his "Gnat,"

illi, Panchaia tura,

Floribus agrestes herbæ variantibus adsunt.—87.

The rural turf, enamell'd with its flowers,

To him is incense from Panchaian bowers.

Tibullus, in allusion to the Roman funeral customs, requests his mistress to mingle with his ashes the drugs of Panchaia.

Illic, quas mittit dives Panchaia merces,

Eoque Arabes : &c. El. 2. b. 3.

Panchaia's odours be their costly feast,

With all the pride of Asia's fragrant year ;

Give them the treasures of the farthest East,

And what is still more precious, give thy tear.

HAMMOND.

Pinkerton observes, that "the peculiar boast of Arabia Felix, (of which Panchaia formed a part) is the Amyris opobalsamum; from which is procured the Balm of Mecca; the most fragrant and costly of all the gum resins." Geograph. v. 2. Arabia, chap. 1.

I am tempted to remark that the above paraphrase of Tibullus is turned with a delicacy and neatness, that leave every rival imitator at a distance: yet Johnson's sullen insensibility to the plaintive sweetness, and elegant simplicity of Hammond, led him to quote this stanza as an instance of

Thou wepst a virgin, when crosse winds did blow,
Our hopes disturbing in their quiet flow.
But now Castara, smile! no envious night
Dares enterpose it selfe, t'eclipse the light
Of our cleare joyes. For even the laws divine
Permit our mutuall love so to entwine,
That kings, to ballance true content, shall say ;
“ Would they were great as we, we blest as they.”

pedantic writing. Hammond. professed to write imitations of Tibullus; and it seems rather unreasonable to complain, that he did only that which he professed to do.

TO CASTARA,

UPON THE MUTUALL LOVE OF THEIR MAJESTIES.

DID you not see Castara, when the king
Met his lov'd queene,⁴⁶ what sweetnesse she did
bring

⁴⁶ *Met his lov'd queene.*

This is an interesting passage, as it no doubt refers to a real incident. There was no need of poetical compliment; for, however harsh and domineering as a sovereign, in his domestic circle Charles the First was amiable and respectable. "Though full of complaisance to the whole sex," observes Hume, "Charles reserved all his passion for his consort; to whom he attached himself with unshaken fidelity and confidence." The pictures of Henrietta Maria, by Vandyke, which are common, represent her as a woman of handsome

T' incounter his brave heat ; how great a flame,
From their breasts meeting, on the sudden came ?
The Stoike, who all easie passion flies,
Could he but heare the language of their eyes,
As heresies would from his faith remove
The tenets of his sect, and practice love.
'The barb'rous nations, which supply the Earth
With a promiscuous and ignoble birth,
Would by this precedent correct their life ;
Each wisely choose, and chastely love a wife.
Princes' example is a law : then we,
If loyall subjects, must true lovers be.

features, with great delicacy of complexion and beauty of shape ; particularly in regard to her hands and arms ; and with a keenness of physiognomy natural to a daughter of *Henri quatre*.

TO ZEPHIRUS.

==

WHOSE whispers soft as those which lovers
breathe,
Castara and my selfe I here bequeath
To the calme wind. For Heaven such joyes afford
To her and me, that there can be no third :
And you, kinde starres, be thriftier of your light :
Her eyes supply your office with more bright
And constant lustre. Angels guardians, like
The nimbler ship boyes, shall be joy'd to strike
Or hoish up saile : nor shall our vessell move
By card or compasse, but a heavenly love.
The courisie of this most prosperous gale
Shall swell our canvas, and wee'le swiftly saile

To some blest port, where ship hath never lane
At anchor, whose chaste soile no foot prophane
Hath ever trod ; where Nature doth dispence
Her infant wealth, a beauteous innocence.
Pompe, (even a burthen to it self) nor pride,
(The magistrate of sinnes) did e're abide
On that so sacred earth. Ambition ne're
Built, for the sport of ruine, fabrickes there.
Thence age and death are exil'd, all offence
And fear expell'd, all noyse and faction thence.
A silence there so melancholly sweet,
That none but whispering turtles ever meet :
Thus Paradise did our first parents wooe
To harmlesse sweets, at first possest by two.
And o're this second wee'le usurpe the throne ;
Castara wee'le obey, and rule alone.
For the rich vertue of this soyle, I feare,
Would be deprav'd, should but a third be there.

TO CASTARA IN A TRANCE.

==

FORSAKE me not so soone. Castara stay,
And as I breake the prison of my clay,
I'le fill the canvas with m' expiring breath,
And with thee saile o're the vast maine of Death.
Some cherubin thus, as we passe, shall play:
"Goe happy twins of love!" the courteous sea
Shall smooth her wrinkled brow: the winds shall
 sleep,
Or onely whisper musicke to the deepe.
Every ungentle rocke shall melt away,
The Syrens sing to please, not to betray.
Th' indulgent skie shall smile: each starry quire
Contend, which shall afford the brighter fire.
While Love, the pilot, steeres his course so even
Ne're to cast anchor till we reach at Heaven.

TO DEATH,

CASTARA BEING SICKE.



HENCE, prophane grim man ! nor dare
To approach so neere my faire.
Marble vaults, and gloomy caves,
Church-yards, charnell-houses, graves,
Where the living loath to be,
Heaven hath design'd to thee.

But if needs 'mongst us thou'lt rage,
Let thy fury feed on age.
Wrinkled browes, and withered thighs,
May supply thy sacrifice.
Yet, perhaps, as thou flew'st by,
A flamed dart, shot from her eye,

Sing'd thy wings with wanton fire,
Whence th'art forc't to hover nigh her.
If Love so mistooke his aime,
Gently welcome in the flame :
They who loath'd thee, when they see
Where thou harbor'st, will love thee.
Onely I, such is my fate,
Must thee as a rivall hate ;
Court her gently, learn to prove
Nimble in the thefts of love.
Gaze on th' errors of her haire :
Touch her lip ; but, oh ! beware,
Lest too ravenous of thy bliss,
Thou shouldst murder with a kisse.⁴⁷

⁴⁷ *Thou shouldst murder with a kiss.*

Milton has precisely the same conceit applied to Winter. The whole of the stanza is so beautiful, that it merits quotation.

O fairest flower ! no sooner blown but blasted ;
Soft silken primrose fading timelessly,
Summer's chief honour, if thou hadst outlasted
Bleak Winter's force, that made thy blossom dry ;
For he, being am'rous on that lively dye,
That did thy cheek envermeil, thought to kiss,
But kill'd alas ! and then bewail'd his fatal bliss.

Ode on the death of a fair Infant.

Shakspeare, in his *Venus and Adonis*, has a line which is thought by Newton to have suggested the idea to Milton :

He thought to kiss him, and hath kill'd him so.

The same occurs in a stanza of "The Purple Island," by Phineas Fletcher :—

Thus Orpheus wanne his lost Eurydice ;
Whom some deaf snake, that could no music heare,
Or some blinde neut, that could no beautie see,
Thinking to kisse, kill'd with his forked spear.

Cant. v. st. 61.

This stanza involves a singular contradiction : for the " thinking to kiss " certainly implies that the snake could hear, and that the neut could see.

TO CASTARA,

INVITING HER TO SLEEPE.

SLEEPE, my Castara! silence doth invite
Thy eyes to close up day ; though envious Night
Grieves Fate should her the sight of them debarre ;
For shee is exil'd, while they open are.
Rest in thy peace secure. With drowsie charmes
Kinde sleepe bewitcheth thee into her armes ;
And finding where Love's chiefest treasure lies,
Is like a theefe stole under thy bright eyes.
Thy innocence rich as the gaudy quilt
Wrought by the Persian hand, thy dreames from
 guilt
Exempted, Heaven with sweete repose doth crowne
Each vertue softer than the swan's fam'd downe.
As exorcists wild spirits mildly lay,
May sleepe thy fever calmly chase away.

VPON CASTARA'S RECOVERIE.



SHE is restor'd to life. Vnthrifty Death,
Thy mercy in permitting vitall breath
Backe to Castara, hath enlarg'd us all,
Whom grieve had martyr'd in her funerall.
While others in the ocean of their teares
Had, sinking, wounded the beholders' eares
With exclamations: I, without a grone,
Had suddenly congeal'd into a stone:
There stood a statue, till the general doome
Had ruin'd time and memory with her tombe;
While in my heart, which marble, yet still bled,
Each lover might this epitaph have read:
“ Her earth lyes here below; her soul's above;
This wonder speakes her vertue, and my love.”

TO A FRIEND,

INVITING HIM TO A MEETING UPON PROMISE.

MAY you drinke beare⁴⁸ or that adult'rate wine
Which makes the zeale of Amsterdam divine,
If you make breach of promise. I have now
So rich a sacke, that even yourselfe will bow
T' adorè my genius. Of this wine should Prynne
Drinke but a plenteous glasse, he would beginne

⁴⁸ *May you drink beare.*

So Herrick, in his "Welcome to sack:"

Call me "the son of beer."

A health to Shakespeare's ghost.⁴⁹ But you may
bring
Some excuse forth, and answer me, the king

⁴⁹ *A health to Shakspeare's ghost.*

This is an allusion to William Prynne's "*Histriomastix*:" for the publication of which the author was sentenced by the iniquitous court of star-chamber to pay a fine to the king of five thousand pounds; to be degraded from his profession of the law, and to lose his ears in the pillory. Whitlocke, commenting on the severity of this treatment, remarks that "the book was licensed by Archbishop Abbott's chaplain; but being against plays, and a reference in the table of the book to this effect, *Women actors notorious whores*, relating to some women actors mentioned in his book, as he affirmeth; it happened that, about six weeks after this, the queen acted a part in a pastoral at Somerset-house; and then Archbishop Laud and other prelates, whom Prynne had angered by some books of his against Arminianism, and against the jurisdiction of bishops, these prelates and their instruments, the next day after the queene had acted her pastoral, showed Prynne's book against plays to the king; and that place in it, "*women actors notorious whores*:" and they informed the king and queen, that Prynne had written this book against the queen and her pastoral: whereas it was published six weeks before that pastoral was acted."

Prynne wrote, also, a quarto volume against the unseemliness of love-locks: a name given to one lock, which was

To day will give you audience, or that on
Affaires of state you and some serious don
Are to resolve ; or else perhaps you'le sin
So farre, as to leave word y' are not within.

The least of these will make me onely thinke
Him subtle, who can in his closet drinke,
Drunke even alone, and, thus made wise, create
As dangerous plots as the Low Countrey state ;
Projecting for such baits, as shall draw ore
To Holland all the Herrings from our shore.

But y'are too full of candour : and I know
Will sooner stones at Salis'bury casements throw,⁵⁰

suffered to grow to a greater length than the rest, and to fall over the cheek. Charles the first himself patronised the fashion of love-locks.

“ This voluminous rhapsodist, says Granger, gave his works, in forty volumes folio and quarto, to the society of Lincoln's Inn.”

⁵⁰ *Salisbury's casements.*

This must have been suggested by a circumstance mentioned by Hume. “ It was much remarked, that Sherfield, the recorder of Salisbury, was tried in the court of the star-chamber, for having broken, contrary to the Bishop of Salisbury's express injunctions, a painted window of St.

Or buy up for the silenc'd Levits⁵¹ all
The rich impropriations, than let pall
So pure Canary, and breake such an oath :
Since charity is sinn'd against in both.

Come, therefore, blest even in the Lollard's
zeale,
Who canst, with conscience safe,⁵² 'fore hen and
veale
Say grace in Latine; while I faintly sing
A penitentiall verse in oyle and ling.

Edmond's church in that city. He boasted that he had destroyed those monuments of idolatry; but for this effort of his zeal he was fined five hundred pounds." Charles I. ann. 1630.

⁵¹ *Silenc't Levites.*

The ministers who were silenced, and deprived of their livings, on a refusal to comply with the popish ceremonies introduced by Laud into the church.

⁵² *Who canst with conscience safe.*

A satire on the reformists; who rigidly objected to saying grace in Latin, as was the custom of the Roman Catholics. The Lollards also rejected the use of the Romish Penitential.

Come, then, and bring with you, prepar'd for
fight,

Vnmixt Canary ; Heaven send both prove right !

This I am sure : my sacke will disengage

All humane thoughts, inspire so high a rage ;

That Hypocrene shall henceforth poets lacke,

Since more enthusiasmes are in my sacke.

Heightned with which, my raptures shall commend

How good Castara is, how deare my friend.

TO CASTARA,

WHERE TRUE HAPPINESS ABIDES.

CASTARA, whisper in some dead man's eare
This subtile quære; and hee'le point out where,
By answers negative, true joyes abide.
Heele say they flow not on the uncertaine tide
Of greatnesse, they can no firme basis have
Vpon the tripidation of a wave.
Nor lurke they in the caverns of the earth,
Whence all the wealthy minerals draw their birth,
To covetous man so fatall. Nor i' th' grace
Love they to wanton of a brighter face,
For th'are above time's battery, and the light
Of beauty, age's cloud will soone be night.

If among these content, he thus doth prove,
Hath no abode; where dwells it but in love?

TO CASTARA.

FORSAKE with me the Earth, my faire,
And travel nimbly through the aire,
Till we have reacht th' admiring skies ;
Then lend sight to those heavenly eyes
Which, blind themselves, make creatures see:
And taking view of all, when we
Shall finde a pure and glorious spheare,
Wee'le fix like starres for ever there.
Nor will we still each other view,
Wee'le gaze on lesser starres than you ;
See how by their weake influence they
The strongest of men's actions sway.
In an inferior orbe below
Wee'le see Calisto loosely throw

Her haire abroad : as she did weare
The selfe-same beauty in a Beare,
As when she a cold virgin stood,
And yet inflam'd Iove's lustfull blood.
Then looke on Lede, whose faire beames,
By their reflection, guild those streames,
Where first unhappy she began
To play the wanton with a swan.
If each of these loose beauties are
Transform'd to a more beauteous starre,
By the adult'rous lust of Iove ;
Why should not we, by purer love ?

TO CASTARA,

UPON THE DEATH OF A LADY.



CASTARA, weepe not, tho' her tombe appeare
Sometime thy griefe to answer with a teare :
The marble will but wanton with thy woe.
Death is the sea, and we like rivers flow
To lose our selves in the insatiate maine,
Whence rivers may, she ne're retorne againe.
Nor grieve this christall streame so soone did fall
Into the ocean ; since shee perfum'd all
The banks she past, so that each neighbour field
Did sweete flowers, cherish, by her watring, yeeld,
Which now adorne her hearse. The violet there
On her pale cheekke doth the sad livery weare,

Which Heaven's compassion gave her : and since
she,

'Cause cloath'd in purple, can no mourner be,
As incense to the tombe she gives her breath,
And fading on her lady waits in death :
Such office the Ægyptian handmaids did
Great Cleopatra, when she dying chid
The asp's slow venom, trembling she should be
By Fate rob'd even of that blacke victory.
'The flowers instruct our sorrowes. Come, then, all
Ye beanties, to true beantie's funerall,
And with her to increase death's pompe, decay.
Since the supporting fabricke of your clay
Is falne, how can ye stand ? How can the night
Show stars, when Fate puts out the daye's great
light ?

But 'mong the faire, if there live any yet,
She's but the fairer Digbie's counterfeit,
Come you, who speake your titles. Reade in this
Pale booke, how vaine a boast your greatnesse is :
What's honour but a hatchment ? What is here
Of Percy left, and Stanly,⁵³ names most deare

⁵³ *Stanly.*

Venetia Anastatia Stanley ; daughter of Sir Edward Stan-

To vertue ! but a crescent turn'd to th' wane,⁵⁴
An eagle groaning o're an infant slain ?

ley, of Tongue Castle, in Shropshire ; by Lady Lucy Percy, one of the five daughters and co-heirs of Thomas, seventh Earl of Northumberland. She married Sir Kenelm Digby, the celebrated philosopher, and inventor of the sympathetic powder.

At Gothurst, in Buckinghamshire, the seat of the Digby family, is a picture of Lady Venetia, described by Pennant, in his " Journey from Chester to London ;" as " in a Roman habit with curled locks. In one hand a serpent ; the other is on a pair of white doves. She is painted at Windsor in the same emblematic manner ; but in a different dress, and with accompaniments explanatory of the emblems. The doves show her innocency. The serpent, which she handles with impunity, shows her triumph over the envenomed tongues of the times. We know not the particulars of the story. Lord Clarendon must allude to her exculpation of the charge, whatever it was, when he mentions her as " a lady of extraordinary beauty, and of as extraordinary fame."

" Sir Kenelm was so enamoured of her beauty, that he was said to have attempted to exalt her charms, and preserve her health, by a variety of whimsical experiments. Among others, that of feeding her with capons fed with the flesh of vipers : and that to improve her complexion, he was perpetually inventing new cosmetics. Probably she

Or what avails her, that she once was led,
 A glorious bride, to valiant Digbie's bed,
 Since death hath them divorc'd? If then alive
 There are, who these sad obsequies survive,
 And vaunt a proud descent, they onely be
 Loud heralds to set forth her pedigree.
 Come all, who glory in your wealth, and view
 The embleme of your frailty! How untrue
 (Tho' flattering like friends) your treasures are
 Her fate hath taught: who, when what ever rare
 The either Indies boast, lay richly spread
 For her to weare, lay on her pillow dead.
 Come likewise, my Castara, and behold
 What blessings ancient prophesie foretold,

fell a victim to these arts; for she was found dead in bed,
 May 1st, 1633, in the 33d year of her age."

Pennant has given an engraving, from a bust of this
 lady; in the dress of the times. It is inscribed

Uxorem amare vivam, voluptas; defunctam, religio.

A wife, when living, is loved from the sentiment of pleasure; when dead, from that of piety.

54 *A crescent turn'd to th' wane.*

The crescent was the badge of the Earls of Northumberland: the crest of Stanley, Earl of Derby, is an eagle with wings expanded, preying upon an infant in its cradle.

Bestow'd on her in death. She past away
So sweetly from the world, as if her clay
Laid onely down to slumber. Then forbear
To let on her blest ashes fall a teare.
But if th' art too much woman, softly weepe,
Leste grieve disturbe the silence of her sleepe.

TO CASTARA,

BEING TO TAKE A JOURNEY.



WHAT's death more than departure? The dead go
Like travelling exiles, compell'd to know
Those regions they heard mention of: 'tis th' art
Of sorrowes sayes, who dye doe but depart.
Then weepe thy funerall teares: Which Heaven,
t' adorne

The beauteous tresses of the weeping morne,
Will rob me of: and thus my tombe shall be
As naked, as it had no obsequie.

Know in these lines, sad musicke to thy eare,
My sad Castara, you the sermon heare

Which I preach o're my hearse; and dead I tell
My owne life's story, ring but my owne knell.

But when I shall returne, know 'tis thy breath,
In sighs divided, rescues me from death.

TO CASTARA,

WEEPING.

CASTARA! O you are to prodigall
O' th' treasure of your teares; which, thus let fall,
Make no returne: well plac'd, calme peace might
bring
To the loud wars; each free a captiv'd king.
So the unskilfull Indian those bright jems,
Which might adde majestie to diadems,
'Mong the waves scatters, as if he would store
The thanklesse sea, to make our empire poore:
When Heaven darts thunder at the wombe of time,
'Cause with each moment it brings forth a crime,
Or else despairing to root out abuse,
Would ruine vitious Earth; be then profuse.
Light chas'd rude chaos from the world before,
Thy teares, by hindring its returne, worke more.

TO CASTARA,

UPON A SIGH.



I HEARD a sigh, and something in my eare
Did whisper what my soule before did feare,
That it was breath'd by thee. May th' easie Spring,
Enricht with odours, wanton on the wing
Of th' easterne wind ; may ne're his beauty fade,
If he the treasure of this breath convey'd :
'Twas thine by th' musicke, which th' harmonious
breath

Of swans is like, propheticke in their death :
And th' odour ; for as it the nard expires,
Perfuming, phenix-like, his funerall fires.
The winds of Paradice send such a gale,
To make the lover's vessels calmelly saile
To his lov'd port. This shall, where it inspires,
Increase the chaste, extinguish unchaste fires.

TO

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

THE LADY F.

MADAM,

YOU saw our loves, and prais'd the mutuell flame :
In which as incense to your sacred name
Burnes a religious zeale. May we be lost
To one another, and our fire be frost,
When we omit to pay the tribute due
To worth and virtue, and in them to you :
Who are the soule of women. Others be
But beauteous parts o'th' female body : she
Who boasts how many nimble Cupids skip
Through her bright face, is but an eye or lip ;
The other, who in her soft brests can show
Warne violets growing in a bank of snow,

And vaunts the lovely wonder, is but skin :
Nor is she but a hand, who holds within
The chrystall violl of her wealthy palme,
The precious sweating of the easterne balme.
And all these, if you them together take,
And joyne with heart, will but one body make,
To which the soul each vitall motion gives ;
You are infus'd into it, and it lives.
But should you up to your blest mansion flie,
How loath'd an object would the carkasse lie ?
You are all mind. Castara, when she lookes
On you, th' epitome of all, that bookes
Or e're tradition taught ; who gives such praise
Vnto your sex, that now even custome sayes
He hath a female soule, who ere hath writ
Volumes which learning comprehend, and wit.
Castara cries to me : “ Search out and find
The mines of wisdom in her learned mind,
And trace her steps to honour : I aspire
Enough to worth, while I her worth admire.”

TO CASTARA,

AGAINST OPINION.

WHY should we build, Castara, in the aire
Of fraile Opinion? Why admire as faire,
What the weake faith of man give us for right?
The juggling world cheats but the weaker sight.
What is in greatnesse happy? As free mirth,
As ample pleasures of th' indulgent Earth,
We joy who on the ground our mansion finde,
As they, who saile, like witches, in the wind
Of court applause. What can their powerful spell
Over enchanted man more than compel
Him into various formes? Nor serves their charme
Themselves to good, but to worke others harme.
Tyrant Opinion but depose; and we
Will absolute i' th' happiest empire be.

TO CASTARA,

VPON BEAUTIE.



CASTARA, see that dust, the sportive wind
So wantons with. 'Tis happ'ly all you'le finde
Left of some beauty : and how still it flies,
To trouble, as it did in life, our eyes.
O empty boast of flesh ! though our heires gild
The farre fetch't Phrigian marble, which shall
build

A burthen to our ashes, yet will death
Betray them to the sport of every breath.
Dost thou, poore relique of our frailty, still
Swell up with glory ? Or is it thy skill
To mocke weake man, whom every wind of praise
Into the aire, doth 'bove his center raise ?

If so, mocke on ; and tell him that his lust
To beautie's madnesse : for it courts but dust.

TO CASTARA,

MELANCHOLLY.

WERE but that sigh a penitential breath
That thou art mine, it would blow with it death,
T' inclose me in my marble, where I'de be
Slave to the tyrant wormes, to set thee free.
What should we envy? Though with larger saile
Some dance upon the ocean; yet more fraile
And faithlesse is that wave, than where we glide
Blest in the safety of a private tide.
We still have land in ken; and 'cause our boat
Dares not affront the weather, wee'le ne're float
Farre from the shore. To daring them each cloud
Is big with thunder; every wind speaks loud;
And rough wild rockes about the shore appeare;
Yet virtue will find roome to anchor there.

A DIALOGUE,

BETWEENE ARAPHILL AND CASTARA.

ARAPHILL.

CASTARA, you too fondly court
The silken peace with which we cover'd are :
Unquiet Time may, for his sport,
Up from its iron den rouse sleepy Warre.

CASTARA.

Then, in the language of the drum,
I will instruct my yet affrighted eare :
All women shall in me be dumbe,
If I but with my Araphill be there.

ARAPHILL.

If Fate, like an unfaithful gale,
Which having vow'd to th' ship a faire event,
O' th' sudden rends her hopefull saile,
Blow ruine ; will Castara then repent ?

CASTARA.

Love shall in that tempestuous showre
Her brightest blossome like the black-thorne
show :
Weake friendship prospers by the powre
Of Fortune's sunne : I'le in her winter grow.

ARAPHILL.

If on my skin the noysome skar
I should o' th' leprosie or canker weare ;
Or, if the sulph'rous breath of warre
Should blast my youth : should I not be thy
feare ?

CASTARA.

In flesh may sicknesse horror move,
But heavenly zeale will be by it refin'd ;
For then wee'd like to angels love,
Without a sense ; embrace each other's mind.

ARAPHILL.

Were it not impious to repine,
'Gainst rigid Fate I should direct my breath :
That two must be, whom Heaven did joyne
In such a happy one, disjoin'd by death.

CASTARA.

That's no divorce. Then shall we see
The rites in life were types o' th' marriage
state :
Our souls on Earth contracted be :
But they in Heaven their nuptials consummate.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

LORD M.⁵⁵

MY thoughts are not so rugged, nor doth earth
So farre predominate in me, that mirth

⁵⁵ *Lord Morley.*

Elizabeth, daughter and sole heir of Thomas Stanley, son of Sir Edward Stanley, Lord Monteagle, by his first wife Mary, daughter of Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, married Edward Parker, Lord Morley; whose son William by her was Lord Morley and Monteagle.

Alianore, daughter and coheir of Robert Lord Morley, (son of Thomas Lord Morley, by his wife Isabel, daughter and co-heir of Michael de la Pole, duke of Suffolk) brought to William Lord Lovel her husband, the baronies of Morley, Marshall, Hengham, and Rhie.

Collins's Peerage, Vol. 7.

The epithet *happy* Brandon, relates to Sir Charles Bran-

Lookes not as lovely as when our delight
First fashion'd wings to adde a nimbler flight
To lazie Time : who would, to have survai'd
Our varied pleavres, there have ever staid.
And they were harmlesse. For obedience,
If frailty yeelds to the wild lawes of sense,
We shall but with a sugred venome meete :
No pleasure, if not innocent as sweet.
And that's your choyce : who adde the title good
To that of noble. For although the blood
Of Marshall, Standley, and La Pole doth flow,
With happy Brandon's, in your veins ; you owe
Your vertue not to them. Man builds alone
O' th' ground of honour : for desert's our owne.
Be that your ayme. I'le with Castara sit
I' th' shade, from heat of businesse. While my
wit.

don, the favourite of Henry 8th ; who was created Duke of Suffolk for his services at the battle of Flodden. " He
" was," says Hume, " the most comely personage of his
" time, and the most accomplished in all the exercises,
" which were then thought to befit a courtier and a
" soldier."

Is neither big with an ambitious ayme
 'To build tall pyramids i' th' court of Fame,
 For after ages, or to win conceit
 O' th' present, and grow in opinion great.
 Rich in ourselves, we envy not the East
 Her rockes of diamonds,⁵⁶ or her gold the West.
 Arabia may be happy in the death
 Of her reviving phenix : in the breath
 Of cool Favonius, famous be the grove
 Of Tempe : while we in each other's love.
 For that let us be fam'd. And when, of all
 That Nature made us two, the funerall
 Leaves but a little dust, (which then as wed,
 Even after death, shall sleepe still in one bed ;)

⁵⁶ *Her rockes of diamonds.*

In Peacham's "Period of Mourning," 1613, Vis. vi. we meet with

———— christall lights, that show
 Against the sunne, like rockes of diamond.

G. Fletcher, Christ.'s Vict. st. 61. has "main rockes of
 "diamond."

And the Spirit in Comus thus adjures Sabrina :

By fair Ligea's golden comb,
 Wherewith she sits on diamond rockes,
 Sleeking her smooth alluring locks.

The bride and bridegroom, on the solemne day,
Shall with warme zeale approach our urne, to pay
Their vowes, that Heaven should blisse so far
 their rites,
To show them the faire paths to our delights.

TO A TOMBE.

TYRANT o're tyrants, thou who onely dost
Clip the lascivious beauty without lust :
What horreur at thy sight shootes thro' each
sence !

How powerfull is thy silent eloquence,
Which never flatters ! Thou instruct'st the proud,
That their swolne pompe is but an empty cloud,
Slave to each wind ; the faire, those flowers, they
have

Fresh in their cheeke, are strewd upon a grave :
'Thou tell'st the rich, their idoll is but earth :
The vainely pleas'd, that syren-like their mirth
Betrays to mischief, and that onely he
Dares welcome death, whose aimes at virtue be.

Which yet more zeale doth to Castara move ;
What checks me, when the tombe perswades to
love ?

TO CASTARA,

UPON THOUGHT OF AGE AND DEATH.



THE breath of Time shall blast the flow'ry spring,
Which so perfumes thy cheek, and with it bring
So darke a mist, as shall eclipse the light
Of thy faire eyes in an eternal night.
Some melancholy chamber of the earth,
(For that like Time devours whom it gave birth)
Thy beauties shall entombe, while all who ere
Lov'd nobly, offer up their sorrowes there.
But I, whose grieve no formal limits bound,
Beholding the darke caverne of that ground,
Will there immure my selfe. And thus I shall
Thy mourner be, and my owne funerall.
Else by the weeping magicke of my verse,
Thou hadst reviv'd to triumph o're thy hearse.

TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE THE

LORD P.*

MY LORD,

THE reverend man, by magicke of his prayer,
Hath charm'd so, that I and your daughter are
Contracted into one. The holy lights
Smil'd with a cheerful lustre on our rites,
And every thing presag'd full happinesse
To mutual love, if you'le the omen blesse.
Nor grieve, my lord, 'tis perfected. Before
Afflicted seas sought refuge on the shore
From the angry north wind; ere the astonisht
spring
Heard in the ayre the feather'd people sing;

* William Lord Powis.

Ere time had motion, or the Sunne obtain'd
His province o're the day, this was ordain'd.
Nor think in her I courted wealth or blood,
Or more uncertain hopes : for had I stood
On th' highest ground of Fortune, the world
knowne

No greatnesse but what waited on my throne ;
And she had onely had that face and mind,
I, with my selfe, had th' Earth to her resign'd.
In vertue there's an empire : And so sweete
The rule is when it doth with beauty meete,
As fellow consul, that of Heaven they
Nor Earth partake, who would her disobey.
This captiv'd me. And ere I question'd why
I ought to love Castara, through my eye
This soft obedience stole into my heart.
Then found I Love might lend to th' quick-ey'd
art

Of reason yet a purer sight : for he,
Tho' blind, taught her these Indies first to see,
In whose possession I at length am blest ;
And with my selfe at quiet, here I rest,
As all things to my powre subdu'd. To me
There's nought beyond this. The whole world is
she.

HIS MUSE SPEAKS TO HIM.

THY vows are heard, and thy Castara's name
Is writ as faire i' th' register of Fame,
As th' ancient beauties which translated are
By poets up to Heaven : each there a starre.
And though imperiall Tiber boast alone
Ovid's Corinna, and to Arne is knowne
But Petrarch's Laura ; while our famous Thames
Doth murmur Sydney's Stella to her streames ;
Yet hast thou Severne left, and she can bring
As many quires of swans as they to sing
Thy glorious love : which, living, shall, by thee
The only sovereign of those waters be :
Dead, in love's firmament no starre shall shine
So nobly faire, so purely chaste as thine.

TO VAIN HOPE.



'THOU dream of madmen, ever changing gale,
Swell with thy wanton breath the gaudy saile
Of glorious fooles ! Thou guid'st them who thee
court

To rocks, to quick-sands, or some faithlesse port.
Were I not mad, who, when secure at ease,
I might i' th' cabbin passe the raging seas,
Would like a franticke ship-boy wildly haste
To climbe the giddy top of th' unsafe mast ?

Ambition never to her hopes did faine
A greatnesse, but I really obtaine
In my Castara. Wer't not fondnesse then
T' imbrace the shadowes of true blisse ? And when
My Paradise all flowers and fruits doth breed,
'To rob a barren garden for a weed ?

TO CASTARA,

HOW HAPPY, THOUGH IN AN OBSCURE FORTUNE.

WERE we by Fate throwne downe below our
feare,
Could we be poore? Or question Nature's care
In our provision? She who doth afford
A feathered garment fit for every bird,⁵⁷

⁵⁷ *A feather'd garment fit for every bird..*

This is obviously a paraphrase of the beautiful passage
in St. Matthew, ch. vi.

Behold the fowls of the air: for they sow not, neither
do they reap, nor gather into barns: yet your heavenly
father feedeth them. Are not ye much better than they?

And why take ye thought for raiment? Consider the
lillies of the field; how they grow: they toil not neither do

And only voyce enough t' expresse delight :
She who apparels lillies in their white,
As if in that she'de teach man's duller sence,
Wh' are highest should be so in innocence :
She who in damask doth attire the rose,
(And man t' himselfe a mockery to propose,
'Mong whom the humblest iudges grow to sit)
She who in purple cloathes the violet :

If thus she cares for things even voyd of sence,
Shall we suspect in us her providence ?

they spin : And yet I say unto you, that even Solomon, in all his glory, was not arrayed like one of these.

Wherefore, if God so clothe the grass of the field, which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven, shall he not much more clothe you, oh ye of little faith ?

TO CASTARA.

WHAT can the freedome of our love enthral?
Castara, were we dispossess'd of all
The gifts of Fortune: richer yet than she
Can make her slaves, wee'd in each other be.
Love in himself's a world. If we should have
A mansion but in some forsaken cave,
Wee'd smooth misfortune, and ourselves think
then
Retir'd like princes from the noise of men,
To breathe a while unflatter'd. Each wild beast
That should the silence of our cell infest,
With clamour, seeking prey, wee'd fancie were
Nought but an avaritious courtier.
Wealth's but opinion. Who thinks others more
Of treasures have, than we, is only poore.

ON THE DEATH OF

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

GEORGE EARL OF S.⁵⁵

BRIGHT saint, thy pardon, if my sadder verse
Appeare, in sighing o're thy glorious hearse,
To envie Heaven: For fame itselfe now weares
Griefe's livery, and onely speaks in teares.
And pardon you, Castara, if a while
Your memory I banish from my stile:
When I have paid his death the tribute due
Of sorrow, I'le returne to love and you.

⁵⁵ *George Earl of S.*

George Talbot, 9th Earl of Shrewsbury. See the note in the First Part, on the Poem "To the Right Honourable the Earl of Shrewes."

Is there a name like Talbot, which a showre
Can force from every eye? And hath even powre
To alter nature's course? How else should all
Runne wilde with mourning, and distracted fall?
Th' illiterate vulgar, in a well-tun'd breath,
Lament their losse, and learnedly chide death
For its bold rape, while the sad poet's song
Is yet unheard, as if grieve had no tongue.
Th' amaz'd mariner having lost his way
In the tempestuous desart of the sea,
Lookes up, but finds no starres. They all con-
spire
To darke themselves, t' enlighten this new fire.
The learn'd astronomer, with daring eye,
Searching to tracke the spheares through which
you flie,
(Most beauteous soule) doth in his journey faile,
And blushing says, "The subtlest art is fraile,
And but truth's counterfeit." Your flight doth
teach,
Fair vertue hath an orbe beyond his reach.

But I grow dull with sorrow. Unkinde Fate,
To play the tyrant, and subvert the state

Of settled goodnesse ! Who shall henceforth stand
A pure example, to enforme the land
Of her loose riot ? Who shall counterchecke
The wanton pride of greatnesse, and direct
Strayed honour in the true magnificke way ?
Whose life shall shew what triumph 'tis t' obey
The hard commands of reason ? And how sweet
The nuptials are, when wealth and learning meet ?
Who will with silent piety confute
Atheisticke sophistry, and by the fruite
Approve religion's tree ? Who'll teach his blood
A virgin law, and dare be great and good ?
Who will despise his stiles ? and nobly weigh
In judgment's ballance, that his honor'd clay
Hath no advantage by them ? Who will live
So innocently pious, as to give
The world no scandall ? Who'll himself deny,
And to warme passion a colde martyr die ?
My griefe distracts me. If my zeal hath said
What checks the living, know I serve the dead.
The dead, who needs no monumental vaults,
With his pale ashes to entombe his faults ;
Whose sins beget no libels, whom the poore
For benefit, for worth the rich adore :

Who liv'd a solitary phœnix, free
From the commerce with mischief; joy'd to be
Still gazing heaven-ward, where his thoughts did
move

Fed with the sacred fire of zealous love.
Alone he flourisht, till the fatal houre
Did summon him; when gathering from each flower
Their vertuous odours, from his perfum'd nest
He took his flight to everlasting rest.

There shine, great lord, and with propitious
eyes

Looke downe, and smile upon this sacrifice.

TO

MY WORTHY COUSIN, MR. E. C.

IN PRAISE OF THE CITY LIFE, IN THE LONG
VACATION.

I LIKE the green plush which your meadows weare:
I praise your pregnant fields, which duly beare
Their wealthy burden to th' industrious Bore :
Nor do I disallow, that who are poore
In minde and fortune, thither should retire :
But hate that he, who's warme with holy fire
Of any knowledge, and 'mong us may feast
On nectar'd wit, should turne himselfe t' a beast,
And graze i' th' country. Why did nature wrong
So much her paines, as to give you a tongue
And fluent language, if converse you hold
With oxen in the stall, and sheepe i' th' fold ?

But now it's long vacation, you will say
 The towne is empty, and who ever may
 To th' pleasure of his country-home repaire,
 Flies from th' infection of our London aire.
 In this your errour. Now's the time alone
 To live here, when the city dame is gone
 T' her house at Brandford; for beyond that she
 Imagines there's no land but Barbary,
 Where lies her husband's factor: When from
 hence

Rid is the country justice, whose non-sence
 Corrupted had the language of the inne,
 Where he and his horse litter'd: we beginne
 To live in silence, when the noyse o'th' bench'
 Nor deafens Westminster, nor corrupt French
 Walkes Fleet-street in her gowne. Ruffes of the
 barre,⁵⁹

By the vacation's powre, translated are

⁵⁹ *Ruffes of the bar.*

The ruff, which of all fantastic modes maintained its possession the longest, was worn, for some time, after the accession of Charles, (the first); but had almost universally given place to the falling band, when Vandyke was in England.—*Granger.*

Evelyn, in his "Numismata," observes, that the bishops and the judges were the last who laid the ruff aside.

To cut-worke bands ; and who were busie here,
Are gone to sow sedition in the shire.
The aire by this is purg'd, and the terme's strife
Thus fled the city : we the civill life
Lead happily. When, in the gentle way
Of noble mirth, I have the long liv'd day
Contracted to a moment, I retire
To my Castara, and meet such a fire
Of mutual love, that if the city were
Infected, that would purifie the ayre.

LOVE'S ANNIVERSARIE.

TO THE SUNNE.

THOU art return'd (great light) to that blest
 houre
In which I first by marriage, sacred power,
Ioyn'd with Castara hearts ; and as the same
Thy lustre is, as then, so is our flame ;
Which had increast, but that by Love's decree,
'Twas such at first, it ne're could greater be.
But tell me, (glorious lampe) in thy survey
Of things below thee, what did not decay
By age to weaknesse ? I since that have seene
The rose bud forth and fade, the tree grow greene
And wither, and the beauty of the field
With winter wrinkled. Even thy selfe dost yeeld
 Something to time, and to thy grave fall nigher ;
But virtuous love is one sweet endless fire.

AGAINST THEM WHO LAY

UNCHASTITY TO THE SEX OF WOMEN.

THEY meet but with unwholesome springs,
And summers which infectious are :
They heare but when the meremaide sings,
And only see the falling starre :
Who ever dare
Affirme no woman chaste and faire.

Goe, cure your feavers ; and you'le say
The Dog-dayes scorch not all the yeare :
In copper mines no longer stay,
But travel to the west, and there
The right ones see,
And grant all gold's not alchimie.

What madman, 'cause the glow-worme's flame
Is cold, swears there's no warmth in fire ?
'Cause some make forfeit of their name,
And slave themselves to man's desire ;
Shall the sex, free
From guilt, damn'd to the bondage be ?

Nor grieve, Castara, though 'twere fraile ;
Thy vertue then would brighter shine,
When thy example should prevail,
And every woman's faith be thine :
And were there none,
'Tis majesty to rule alone.

TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE AND EXCELLENTLY LEARNED

WILLIAM EARL OF ST.⁶⁰

MY LORD,

THE laurell doth your reverend temples wreath
As aptly now, as when your youth did breath

⁶⁰ *William Earl of St.*

William Alexander, Earl of Sterling. A very eminent poet and statesman in the reigns of James I. and Charles I. His poetry, which, for purity and elegance, is far beyond the generality of the productions of the age in which he lived, recommended him to James, who gave him the grant of Nova Scotia; where he had projected a plan of making a settlement. He seems to have been no less a favourite with Charles. His works consist chiefly of sonnets, and of four tragedies in alternate rhyme.

GRANGER.

Those tragicke raptures, which your name shall
save
From the black edict of a tyrant grave.
Nor shall your day ere set, till the Sunne shall
From the blind Heavens like a cinder fall ;
And all the elements intend their strife,
To ruine what they fram'd : then your fame's life,
When desp'rate Time lies gasping, shall expire,
Attended by the world i' th' general fire.
Fame lengthens thus her selfe : and I, to tread
Your steps to glory, search among the dead,
Where Vertue lies obscur'd, that as I give
Life to her tombe, I, spight of time, may live.
Now I resolve, in triumph of my verse,
To bring great Talbot from that forren hearse,⁶¹
Which yet doth to her fright his dust enclose :
Then to sing Herbert, who so glorious rose,⁶²

⁶¹ *that forren hearse.*

John Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury, the scourge and terror of France, was killed when above eighty years of age, in the battle of Bourdeaux, and buried at Rouen in Normandy.

⁶² *Who so glorious rose.*

William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke, was a firm ad-

With the fourth Edward, that his faith doth shine
Yet in the faith of noblest Pembroke's line.
Sometimes my swelling spirits I prepare
To speak the mighty Percy, neerest heire,
In merits as in blood, to CHARLES the great :
Then Darbie's worth and greatnesse to repeat,
Or Morley's honour, or Monteagle's fame,
Whose valour lives eternized in his name.

herent to the house of York ; and in reward of his fidelity and valour, Edward IV. immediately on ascending the throne, called him to his council.

63 *Neerest heire, in merits as in blood.*

See the note in the first part, on the poem to the Lady E. P.

64 *Eterniz'd in his name.*

In 5. Henry 8th. Sir Edward Stanley, knight, a younger son to Thomas, first Earl of Derby, commanding the rear of the English army, at Flodden-Field ; in the very heat of that memorable battle, forced the Scots, by the power of his archers, (finding themselves much galled by their arrows) to descend the hill ; which, occasioning them to open their ranks, gave the first hopes of that day's victory. King Henry, in consideration of those his valiant acts, done in that battle, when he won the hill, and vanquished all

But while I think to sing these of my blood,
And my Castara's. Love's unruly flood
Breakes in, and beares away whatever stands
Built by my busie fancy on the sands.

that opposed ; as also for that his ancestors bore the eagle in their crest, commanded he should be proclaimed Lord of *Mount-eagle*.—*Dugdale's Baronage*. 254. 2.

TO CASTARA,

UPON AN EMBRACE.

'Bout the husband oke the vine
Thus wreathes to kisse his leavy face :
Their streames thus rivers joyne,
And lose themselves in the embrace :
But trees want sence when they infold,
And waters, when they meet, are cold.

Thus turtles bill, and grone
Their loves into each other's eare :
Two flames thus burn in one,
When their curl'd heads to Heaven they reare :
But birds want soul, though not desire,
And flames materiall soone expire.

If not prophane, we'll say,
When angels close, their joyes are such;
For we no love obey
That's bastard to a fleshly touch:
Let's close, Castara, then, since thus
We pattern angels, and they us.

TO THE HONOURABLE

G. T.⁶⁵

LET not thy grones force Eccho from her cave,
Or interrupt her weeping o're that wave,
Which last Narcissus kist: let no darke grove
Be taught to whisper stories of thy love.
What tho' the wind be turn'd? Caust thou not
saile
By virtue of a cleane contrary gale,

⁶⁵ *The honourable G. T.*

George Talbot: Habington's friend and kinsman. He was one of the three younger sons of John Talbot, of Longford: father of John, 10th Earl of Shrewsbury, by Eleanor his wife; the daughter of Sir Thomas Baskerville, by Eleanor, daughter and coheir of Richard Habington; the elder brother of John: who was the founder of Hendlip, and grandfather of the poet.

Into some other port? Where thou wilt find
It was thy better genius chang'd the wind,
'To steere thee to some island in the West,
For wealth and pleasure that transcends thy East.
'Though Astrodora, like a sullen starre,
Eclipse her selfe; i' th' sky of beauty are
'Ten thousand other fires, some bright as she,
And who, with milder beames, may shine on thee.
Nor yet doth this eclipse beare a portent,
'That should affright the world. The firmament
Enjoys the light it did, a Sunne as cleare,
And the young Spring doth like a bride appeare,
As fairly wed to the 'Thessalian grove
As e're it was, though she and you not love.
And we too, who, like two bright stars, have
shin'd

I' th' heaven of friendship, are as firmly joyn'd
As blood and love first fram'd us; and to be
'Lov'd, and thought worthy to be lov'd, by thee,
'Tis to be glorious; since fame cannot lend
An honour, equals that of 'Talbot's friend.
Nor envie me, that my Castara's flame
Yeelds me a constant warmth, though first I
came

To marriage' happy islands : Seas to thee
Will yeeld as smooth a way, and winds as free.
Which shall conduct thee (if hope may divine)
To this delicious port, and make love thine.

TO CASTARA.

THE REWARD OF INNOCENT LOVE.

WE saw and woo'd each other's eyes,
My soule contracted then with thine ;
And both burnt in one sacrifice,
By which our marriage grew divine.

Let wilder youth, whose soule is sense,
Prophane the temple of delight,
And purchase endlesse penitence,
With the stolne pleasure of one night.

Time's ever ours, while we despise
The sensuall idol of our clay ;
For though the Sunne doth set and rise,
We joy one everlasting day,

Whose light no jealous clouds obscure,
While each of us shine innocent :
The troubled stream is still impure,
With vertue flies away content.

And though opinion often erre,
Wee'le court the modest smile of fame ;
For sinne's blacke danger circles her,
Who hath infection in her name.

Thus when to one darke silent roome,
Death shall our loving coffins thrust :
Fame will build columnes on our tombe,
And adde a perfume to our dust.

TO MY NOBLEST FRIEND

SIR I. P.

KNIGHT.

SIR,

THOUGH my deare Talbot's fate exact a sad
And heavy brow, my verse shall not be clad
For him this houre in mourning : I will write
To you the glory of a pompous night,
Which none, (except sobriety) who wit
Or cloathes could boast, but freely did admit.
I (who still sinne for company) was there,
And tasted of the glorious supper, where
Meate was the least of wonder ; though the nest
O' th' Phoenix rifled seem'd t' amaze the feast,
And th' ocean left so poore, that it alone
Could since vaunt wretched herring and poore
John.

Lucullus' surfets were but types of this,
And whatsoever riot mentioned is
In story, did but the dull zany play
To this proud night, which rather weel'e term day;
For th' artificial lights so thicke were set,
That the bright Sun seem'd this to counterfeit.
But seven (whom whether we should sages call
Or deadly sinnes, I'le not dispute) were all
Invited to this pompe. And yet I dare
Pawne my lov'd Muse, th' Hungarian did prepare
Not halfe that quantity of victuall, when
He layd his happy siege to Nortlinghen.⁶⁶
The mist of the perfumes was breath'd so thicke,
'That linx himself, though his sight fam'd so
 quicke,
Had there scarce spyed one sober : for the wealth
Of the Canaries was exhaust, the health

⁶⁶ *He laid his happy siege to Nortlinghen.*

The battle of Nordlingen, a city of Bavaria, on the Eger, took place in 1634 : when the Swedes, under Duke Bernard, and Gustavus Horn, attempting to relieve Nordlingen, were defeated by the Imperialists, commanded by the young king of Hungary.

See *Universal History*, Vol. 30. p. 129. 8vo. ed.

Of his good majesty to celebrate,
Who'le judge them loyall subjects without that :
Yet they who, some fond priviledge to maintaine,
Would have rebeld, their best freehold, their
 braine

Surrender'd there : and five fifteens did pay
To drink his happy life and raigne. O day !
It was thy piety to flye ; th' hadst beene
Found accessory else to this fond sinne.
But I forget to speake each stratagem
By which the dishes enter'd, and in them
Each luscious miracle ; as if more bookes
Had written beene o' th' mystery of cookes,
'Than the philos'pher's stone. Here we did see
All wonders in the kitchen alchimy.

But Ile not leave you there ; before you part
You shall have something of another art.
A banquet raining down so fast, the good
Old partriarch would have thought a generall
 flood.

Heaven open'd, and from thence a mighty showre
Of amber comfits its sweete selfe did powre
Vpon our heads, and suckets from our eye
Like thickend clouds did steale away the sky,

That it was question'd whether Heaven were
Black-fryers, and each starre a confectioner.
But I too long detain you at a feast
You hap'ly surfet of; now every guest
Is reeld downe to his coach; I licence crave
Sir, but to kisse your hands, and take my leave.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

ARCHIBALD EARLE OF AR.⁶⁷

If your example be obey'd,
The serious few will live i' th' silent shade :

⁶⁷ *Earl of Ar.*

Archibald, 8th Earl of Argyle. A man of great learning, singular judgment, and other endowments, which recommended him so much to the favour of king Charles I. that he constituted him one of the lords of his privy council. During the civil wars in that reign, he joined with the parliament of Scotland, and shewed himself a zealous assertor of the Presbyterian church-government: and after the death of the king, he contributed much to the dutiful reception of king Charles II. into Scotland, *anno*, 1650 ; and at the solemnity of his coronation, Jan. 1, 1651, put the crown on his head: but on the restoration, in 1660, he was accused of high-treason, for corresponding and complying with Oliver Cromwell, (the too common fault of the times)

And not indanger by the wind
 Or sunshine, the complexion of their mind ;
 Whose beauty weares so cleare a skin,
 That it decayes with the least taint of sin.

Vice growes by custome, nor dare we
 Reject it as a slave, where it breathes free,
 And is no priviledge deny'd ;
 Nor if advanc'd to higher place envyed.

Wherefore your lordship in your selfe
 (Not lancht farre in the maine, nor nigh the shelve
 Of humbler fortune) lives at ease,
 Safe from the rocks o' th' shore, and stormes o' th'
 seas.†

and being found guilty by the parliament, was beheaded at Edinburgh, May 27, 1661. Immediately before his execution, he solemnly declared, that “ from his birth to that moment, he was free of any accession to the death of king Charles.”

Collin's Peerage. vii. 646.

This account is, however, controverted by the Rev. William Cole, of Cambridge ; “ The accounts I have received of this nobleman generally agree in making him the most violent opposer of king Charles the second, and the greatest friend to Cromwell in the three kingdoms.”

. *Malcolm's Letters to and from Mr. Granger.*

† Hor. Od. 10. B. 2.

Your soule's a well built city, where
There's such munition, that no war breeds feare:
No rebels wilde destractions move;
For you the heads have crusht; Rage, Envy,
Love.

And therefore you defiance bid
To open enmity, or mischief hid
In fawning hate and supple pride,
Who are on every corner fortifide.

Your youth, not rudely led by rage
Of blood, is now the story of your age,
Which without boast you may averre
'Fore blackest danger, glory did prefer:

Glory not purchast by the breath
Of sycophants, but by encountring death.

Yet wildnesse nor the feare of lawes
Did make you fight, but justice of the cause.

For but mad prodigals they are
Of fortitude, who for it selfe love warre.

When well made peace had clos'd the eyes
Of discord, sloath did not your youth surprise.

Your life as well as powre, did awe
The bad, and to the good was the best law:

When most men vertue did pursue
In hope by it to grow in fame like you.

Nor when you did to court repaire,
Did you your manners alter with the ayre.

You did your modesty retaine,
Your faithfull dealing, the same tongue and braine:

Nor did all the soft flattery there
Inchant you so, but still you truth could heare :

And though your roofes were richly guilt,
'The basis was on no ward's ruine built :

Nor were your vassals made a prey,
And forc't to curse the coronation day.

And though no bravery was knowne
To outshine yours, you onely spent your owne.

For 'twas the indulgence of Fate,
To give y' a moderate minde, and bounteous state :

But I, my lord, who have no friend
Of fortune, must begin where you doe end.

'Tis dang'rous to approach the fire
Of action ; nor is't safe, farre to retire.

Yet better lost i'th' multitude
Of private men, than on the state t' intrude,
And hazard, for a doubtfull smile,
My stocke of fame, and inward peace to spoile.

I'le therefore nigh some murm'ring brooke
'That wantons through my meddowes, with a
booke,

With my Castara, or some friend,
My youth, not guilty of ambition, spend.
To my owne shade (if fate permit)
I'le whisper some soft musique of my wit ;
And flatter so my selfe, I'le see
By that, strange motion steale into the tree.
But still my first and chieftest care
Shall be t' appease offended Heaven with prayer ;
And in such mold my thoughts to cast,
That each day shall be spent as 'twere my last.
How ere it's sweete lust to obey,
Vertue, though rugged, is the safest way.

AN ELEGY UPON THE HONOURABLE

HENRY CAMBELL,

SONNE TO THE EARLE OF AR.*

IT's false arithmeticke to say thy breath
Expir'd too soone, or irreligious death
Prophan'd thy holy youth. For if thy yeares
Be number'd by thy vertues, or our teares,
Thou didst the old Methusalem out-live.
Though time but twenty years' account can give
Of thy abode on Earth, yet every houre
Of thy brave youth, by vertue's wondrous powre,
Was lengthen'd to a yeare. Each well-spent day
Keepes young the body, but the soule makes
gray.

* Argyle.

Such miracles workes goodnesse : and behind
Th'ast left to us such stories of thy minde
Fit for example, that when them we read,
We envie Earth the treasures of the dead.
Why doe the sinfull riot, and survive
The feavers of their surfets ? Why alive
Is yet disorder'd greatnesse, and all they
Who the loose lawes of their wilde blood obey ?
Why lives the gamester, who doth blacke the
 night
With cheats and imprecations ? Why is light
Looked on by those whose breath may poyson it :
Who sold the vigour of their strength and wit
To buy diseases : and thou, who faire truth
And vertue didst adore, lost in thy youth ?

But I'le not question fate. Heaven doth con-
 veigh

Those first from the darke prison of their clay
Who are most fit for Heaven. Thou in warre
Hadst ta'ne degrees, those dangers felt, which are
The props on which peace safely doth subsist,
And through the cannon's blew and horrid mist

Hadst brought her light : And now wert so com-
pleat
That naught but death did want to make thee great.

'Thy death was timely then bright soule to thee,
And in thy fate thou suffer'dst not: 'Twas we
Who dyed, rob'd of thy life : in whose increase
Of reall glory, both in warre and peace,
We all did share : and thou away we feare
Didst with thee the whole stocke of honour beare.

Each then be his owne mourner. Wee'le to thee
Write hymnes, upon the world an elegie.

TO CASTARA.

WHY should we feare to melt away in death?
May we but dye together. When beneath
In a coole vault we sleepe, the world will prove
Religious, and call it the shrine of love.
There, when o' th' wedding eve some beauteous
 maid,
Suspitious of the faith of man, hath paid
The tribute of her vowes, o' th' sudden shee
Two violets sprouting from the tombe will see;
And cry out, "Ye sweet emblems of their zeale
Who live below, sprang ye up to reveale
The story of our future joyes, how we
The faithfull patterns of their love shall be?
If not; hang downe your heads opprest with
 dew,
And I will weepe and wither hence with you."

TO CASTARA,

OF WHAT WE WERE BEFORE OUR CREATION.



WHEN Pelion wondring saw that raine, which fell
But now from angry Heaven, to heavenward
swell :

When th' Indian ocean did the wanton play,
Mingling its billowes with the Balticke sea,
And the whole earth was water : O where then
Were we Castara? In the fate of men
Lost underneath the waves? Or to beguile
Heaven's justice, lurkt we in Noah's floating isle?
We had no being then. This fleshly frame,
Wed to a soule long after, hither came
A stranger to it selfe. Those moneths, that were
But the last age, no news of us did heare.

What pompe is then in us? Who th' other day
Were nothing; and in triumph now, but clay,

TO THE MOMENT LAST PAST.

O WHITHER dost thou flye? cannot my vow
Intreat thee tarry? Thou wert here but now,
And thou art gone; like ships which plough the
 sea,

And leave no print for man to tracke their way.
O unseene wealth! who thee did husband, can
Out-vie the jewels of the ocean,
The mines of th' earth! One sigh well spent in
 thee

Had beene a purchase for eternity!

We will not loose thee then. Castara, where
Shall we finde out his hidden sepulcher?

And wee'le revive him. Not the cruell stealth
Of fate shall rob us of so great a wealth;

Vndone in thrift! while we besought his stay,
Ten of his fellow moments fled away.

TO CASTARA,

OF THE KNOWLEDGE OF LOVE.

WHERE sleeps the north-wind⁶⁸ when the south
 inspires
 Life in the spring, and gathers into quires

⁶⁸ *Where sleeps the north-wind.*

This elegant little poem was, perhaps, suggested by a passage in Propertius. Lib. 3. El. 4.

Me juvat in primâ coluisse Heliconâ juvenâ : &c.

It is my joy, that flush'd with prime of youth

I sought the groves of Helicon ; and twin'd

My hands in dances with the muses' quire :

It is my joy, that in the flowing grape

My mind is captive held, and evermore

The vernal rose inwreaths my brow : when Time

Has intercepted love, and white old age

Sprinkled my hair, it then may please to learn

The ways of Nature : what directing power

The scatter'd nightingales ; whose subtle eares
Heard first th' harmonious language of the
 spheares ?

Whence hath the stone magneticke force t' allure
Th' enamour'd iron ? from a seed impure
Or naturall did first the mandrake grow ?
What powre i' th' ocean makes it ebbe and flow ?
What strange materials is the azure skye
Compacted of ? of what it's brightest eye
The ever flaming Sunne ? what people are
In th' unknowne world ? what worlds in every
 star ?

Let curious fancies at this secret rove ;
Castara, what we know wee'le practise—love.

Tempers the fabric of this universe :
How rises and how sets the monthly moon,
And with bent horns encreases to its full ;
Whence ride the winds above the salt sea-surge ;
And the strong East takes with his sudden blast
The moving waters : whence perpetual rains
Hang in the clouds ; if ere a day will come,
That shall o'erturn the piilars of the world ;
Or why th' impurpled bow imbibes the shower.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

THE COUNTESSE OF C.⁶⁹

MADAM,

SHOULD the cold Muscovit, whose furre and
stove

Can scarce prepare him heate enough for love,
But view the wonder of your presence, he
Would scorn his winter's sharpest injury :
And trace the naked groves, till he found bayse
To write the beautious triumphs of your prayse.
As a dull poet even he would say,
Th' unclouded Sun had never showne them day

⁶⁹ *Countesse of C.*

Possibly, the Countess of Carlisle : a celebrated beauty and wit of that time, whom Waller has panegyrysed in his poems.

Till that bright minute ; that he now admires
No more why the coy Spring so soone retires
From their unhappy clyme ; it doth pursue
The Sun, and he derives his light from you.
Hee'd tell you how the fetter'd Baltick sea
Is set at freedome, while the yce away
Doth melt at your approach ; how by so faire
Harmonious beauty, their rude manners are
Reduc't to order ; how to them you bring
The wealthiest mines below ; above, the Spring.
Thus would his wonder speake. For he would
want

Religion to beleeve, there were a saint
Within, and all he saw was but the shrine.
But I here pay my voves to the devine
Pure essence there inclos'd, which if it were
Not hid in a faire cloud, but might appeare
In its full lustre, would make Nature live
In a state equall to her primitive.
But sweetly that's obscur'd. Yet through our
eye

Cannot the splendour of your soule descry
In true perfection, by a glimmering light
Your language yeelds us, we can guesse how
bright

The Sunne within you shines, and curse th'
unkind

Eclipse, or else our selves for being blinde.

How hastily doth Nature build up man

To leave him so imperfect? For he can

See nought beyond his sence; she doth controule

So farre his sight, he ne're discern'd a soule.

For, had yours beene the object of his eye,

It had turn'd wonder to idolatry.

THE HARMONY OF LOVE.

AMPHION, O thou holy shade !
Bring Orpheus up with thee :⁷⁰

⁷⁰ *Bring Orpheus up with thee.*

The idea of calling up the shades of the minstrels of old is familiar to the readers of Milton.

But oh sad virgin ! that thy power
Might raise Musæus from his bower ;
Or bid the soul of Orpheus sing
Such notes as, warbled to the string,
Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek.

IL PENSEROSO.

That Orpheus' self may heave the head
From golden slumber, on a bed
Of heap'd Elysian flowers, and hear
Such strains, as would have won the ear
Of Pluto.

L'ALLEGRO.

That wonder may you both invade,
Hearing love's harmony.
You who are soule, not rudely made
Vp with materiall eares,
And fit to reach the musicke of these spheares.

Harke! when Castara's orbs doe move
By my first moving eyes,
How great the symphony of love!
But 'tis the destinies
Will not so farre my prayer approve,
To bring you hither, here
Lest you meete heaven, for Elizium there.

'Tis no dull sublunary flame
Burnes in her heart and mine.
But some thing more, than hath a name,
So subtle and divine,
We know not why, nor how it came;
Which shall shine bright, till she,
And the whole world of love, expire with me.

TO MY HONOURED FRIEND

SIR ED. P.

KNIGHT.

You'd leave the silence in which safe we are,
To listen to the noyse of warre;
And walke those rugged paths the factious tread,
Who, by the number of the dead,
Reckon their glories, and think greatnesse stood
Vnsafe, till it was built on blood.
Secure i' th' wall our seas and ships provide
(Abhorring war's so barb'rous pride,
And honour bought with slaughter) in content
Let's breathe, though humble, innocent.
Folly and madnesse! Since 'tis ods we ne're
See the fresh youth of the next yeare:

Perhaps not the chast morne her selfe disclose
 Againe, t'out-blush th' æmulous rose :
 Why doth ambition so the mind distresse
 To make us scorne what we possesse,
 And looke so farre before us, since all we
 Can hope, is varied misery ?
 Goe find some whispering shade neare Arne or
 Poe,
 And gently 'mong their violets throw
 Your weary'd limbs, and see if all those faire
 Enchantments can charme grieve or care.
 Our sorrowes still pursue us ;⁷¹ and when you
 The ruin'd capitol shall view,

⁷¹ *Our sorrowes still pursue us.*

The sentiment is from Horace. Od. 16. lib. 2.

Quid terras alio calentes

Sole mutamus ? &c.

To climates warm'd by other suns
 In vain the wretched exile runs ;
 Flies from his country's native skies,
 But never from himself he flies.
 Corroding cares incessant charge
 His flight, and climb his armed barge :
 Far fleetier than the tim'rous hind ;
 Far fleetier than the driving wind.

DR. FRANCIS.

And statues, a disorder'd heape; you can
 Not cure yet the disease of man,
 And banish your owne thoughts. Go travaile
 where

Another Sun and starres appeare,
 And land not toucht by any covetous fleet,
 And yet even there your selfe youle meete.
 Stay here then, and while curious exiles find
 New toyes for a fantastique mind,
 Enjoy at home what's reall: here the Spring
 By her aeriall quires doth sing
 As sweetly to you, as if you were laid
 Vnder the learn'd Thessalian shade.⁷²

So also in od. 1. lib. 3.

Sed timor et minæ
 Scandunt eodem quo dominus, &c.
 Pale menaces, and black despair,
 This haughty lord shall find
 O'ertake his armed galley's speed,
 And when he mounts the flying steed
 Sits gloomy care behind.

DR. FRANCIS.

⁷² *The learn'd Thessalian shade.*

The laurel groves, on the banks of the river Peneus,

Direct your eye-sight inward, and you'll find
A thousand regions in your mind
Yet undiscover'd. Travell them, and be
Expert in home cosmographie.
This you may doe safe both from rocke and
shelve :
Man's a whole world within himselfe.

which flowed through the vale of Tempe in Thessaly : the scene of the fabled metamorphosis of Daphne : and therefore sacred to Apollo, the patron of letters.

TO CASTARA.

GIVE me a heart, where no impure
Disorder'd passions rage ;
Which jealousie doth not obscure,
Nor vanity t' expence ingage ;
Not wooed to madnesse by quaint oathes,
Or the fine rhetoricke of cloathes ;
Which not the softnesse of the age
To vice or folly doth decline ;
Give me that heart (Castara) for 'tis thine.

Take thou a heart, where no new looke
Provokes new appetite ;
With no fresh charme of beauty tooke,
Or wanton stratagem of wit ;
Not idly wandring here and there,
Led by an am'rous eye or eare ;
Aiming each beautious marke to hit ;

Which vertue doth to one confine :
Take thou that heart, Castara, for 'tis mine.

And now my heart is lodg'd with thee,
Observe but how it still
Doth listen, how thine doth with me ;
And guard it well, for else it will
Runne hither backe ; not to be where
I am, but 'cause thy heart is here.
But without discipline, or skill,
Our hearts shall freely 'twene us move ;
Should thou or I want hearts, wee'd breathe by
love.

TO CASTARA.

OF TRUE DELIGHT.

WHY doth the eare so tempt the voyce,
That cunningly divides the ayre?
Why doth the pallate buy the choyce
Delights o' th' sea, to enrich her fare?

As soone as I my eare obey,
The eccho's lost even with the breath;
And when, the sewer takes away;
I'me left with no more taste than death.

Be curious in pursuite of eyes
To procreate new loves with thine;
Satiety makes sence despise
What superstition thought divine.

Quicke fancy ! how it mockes delight !
As we conceive, things are not such
The glow-worme is as warme as bright,
Till the deceitfull flame we touch.

When I have sold my heart to lust,
And bought repentance with a kisse ;
I find the malice of my dust,
That told me Hell contain'd a blisse.

The rose yeelds her sweete blandishment
Lost in the fold of lovers' wreathes ;
The violet enchants the scent,
When earely in the spring she breathes.

But winter comes, and makes each flowre
Shrinke from the pillow where it growes ;
Or an intruding cold hath powre
To scorne the perfume of the rose.

Our sences, like false glasses, show
Smooth beauty, where browes wrinkled are,
And makes the cosen'd fancy glow ;
Chaste vertue's onely true and faire.

TO MY NOBLEST FRIEND,

I. C.

ESQUIRE.

==

SIR,

I HATE the countrie's durt and manners, yet
I love the silence ; I embrace the wit
And courtship, flowing here in a full tide,
But loathe the expence, the vanity and pride.
No place each way is happy. Here I hold
Commerce with some, who to my care unfold
(After a due oath ministred) the height
And greatnesse of each star shines in the state,
The brightnesse, the eclypse, the influence.
With others I commune, who tell me whence
The torrent doth of forraigne discord flow :
Relate each skirmish, battle, overthrow,

Soone as they happen ; and by rote can tell
Those Germane townes, even puzzle me to spell.
The crosse, or prosperous fate, of princes they
Ascribe to rashnesse, cunning, or delay ;
And on each action comment, with more skill
Than upon Livy, did old Matchavill.
O busie folly ! Why doe I my braine
Perplex with the dull pollicies of Spaine,
Or quicke designs of France ? Why not repaire
To the pure innocence o' th' country ayre,
And neighbour thee, deare friend ? Who so dost
give
Thy thoughts to worth and vertue, that to live
Blest, is to trace thy wayes. There might not we
Arme against passion with philosophie ;
And by the aide of leisure, so controule
What-ere is earth in us, to grow all soule ?
Knowledge doth ignorance ingender, when
We study misteries of other men,
And forraigne plots. Doe but in thy owne shade
(Thy head upon some flowry pillow laide,
Kinde Nature's huswifery) contemplate all
His stratagems, who labours to inthral
The world to his great master, and youle finde
Ambition mocks it selfe, and grasps the wind.

Not conquest makes us great. Blood is too deare
A price for glory : Honour doth appeare
To statesmen like a vision in the night,
And jugler-like works o' th' deluded sight.
'Th' unbusied onely wise : for no respect
Indangers them to errour ; they affect
Truth in her naked beauty, and behold
Man with an equall eye, not bright in gold
Or tall in title ; so much him they weigh
As vertue raiseth him above his clay.
Thus let us value things : and since we find
Time bends us toward death, let's in our mind
Create new youth ; and arme against the rude
Assaults of age ; that no dull solitude
O' th' country dead our thoughts, nor busie care
O' th' towne make us not thinke, where now we
are
And whether we are bound. Time nere forgot
His journey, though his steps we numbered not.

TO CASTARA.

WHAT LOVERS WILL SAY WHEN SHE AND HE
ARE DEAD.

I WONDER when w' are dead, what men will say ;
Will not poore orphan lovers weepe
The parents of their loves decay,
And envy death the treasure of our sleepe ?

Will not each trembling virgin bring her feares
To th' holy silence of my vrne ?
And chide the marble with her teares,
'Cause she so soone faith's obsequie must mourne ?

For had Fate spar'd but Araphill (she'le say)
He had the great example stood,
And forc't unconstant man obey
The law of love's religion, not of blood ?

And youth, by female perjury betraid,
Will to Castara's shrine deplore
His injuries, and death obrayd,
That woman lives more guilty than before.

For while thy breathing purified the ayre,
Thy sex (heelee say) did onely move
By the chaste influence of a faire,
Whose vertue shin'd in the bright orbe of love.

Now woman like a meteor, vapour'd forth,
From dunghills, doth amaze our eyes ;
Not shining with a reall worth
But subtile her black errours to disguise.

This will they talke, Castara, while our dust
In one dark vault shall mingled be :
The world will fall a prey to lust,
When love is dead, which hath one fate with me.

TO HIS MUSE,



HERE* virgin fix thy pillars, and command
They sacred may to after ages stand
In witness of love's triumph. Yet will we,
Castara, find new worlds in poetry,
And conquer them. Not dully following those
Tame lovers, who dare cloth their thoughts in
prose.

But we will henceforth more religious prove,
Concealing the high mysteries of love
From the prophane. Harmonious like the spheares
Our soules shall move, not reacht by humane cares.
That musicke to the angels, this to fame,
I here commit. That when their holy flame
True lovers to pure beauties would rehearse,
They may invoke the genius of my verse.

* An allusion, probably, to the pillars of Hercules : the boundaries of his labours. The ancient name given to Calpe and Abyla, the two mountains on the opposite coasts of Spain and Africa : now the straits of Gibraltar.

Castara.



PART THE THIRD.



A FRIEND

is a man. For the free and open discovery of thoughts to woman can not passe without an over licentious familiarity, or a justly occasion'd suspition: and friendship can neither stand with vice or infamie. He is vertuous, for love begot in sin is a mishapen monster, and seldome outlives his birth. He is noble, and inherits the vertues of all his progenitors; though happily unskilfull to blazon his paternall coate; so little should nobility serve for story, but when it encourageth to action. He is so valiant, feare could never be listned to, when she whispered danger; and yet fights not, unlesse religion confirms the quarrel lawfull. He submits his actions to the government of vertue, not to the wilde decrees of popular opinion; and when his conscience is fully satisfied, he cares not how mistake and ignorance interpret him. He hath so much fortitude he can forgive an injurie; and when hee hath overthrowne his opposer, not insult upon his weaknesse. Hee is an absolute governor; no destroyer of his passions, which he employes to the noble

increase of vertue. He is wise, for who hopes to reape a harvest from the sands, may expect the perfect offices of friendship from a foole. He hath by a liberall education beene softened to civility; for that rugged honesty some rude men professe, is an indigested chaos; which may contain the seedes of goodnesse, but it wants forme and order.

He is no flatterer; but when he findes his friend any way imperfect, he freely but gently informes him; nor yet shall some few errours cancell the bond of friendship; because he remembers no endeavours can raise man above his frailty. He is as slow to enter into that title, as he is to forsake it; a monstrous vice must disoblige, because an extraordinary vertue did first unite; and when he parts, he doth it without a duell. He is neither effeminate, nor a common courtier; the first is so passionate a doater upon himselfe, hee cannot spare love enough to be justly named friendship; the latter hath his love so diffusive among the beauties, that man is not considerable. He is not accustomed to any sordid way of gaine, for who is any way mechanicke, will sell his friend, upon more profitable termes. He is bountifull, and thinkes no treasure of fortune equal to the preservation of him he loves; yet not so lavish, as to buy friendship and perhaps afterwards finde himselfe overseene in the purchase. He is not exceptionis, for jealousy proceeds from weaknesse, and his vertues quit him from suspitions. He freely gives advice, but so little peremptory is his opi-

nion that he ingeniously submits it to an abler judgement. He is open in expression of his thoughts, and easeth his melancholy by enlarging it; and no sanctuary preserves so safely, as he his friend afflicted. He makes use of no engines of his friendship to extort a secret; but if committed to his charge, his heart receives it, and that and it come both to light together. In life he is the most amiable object to the soule, in death the most deplorable.

Part Third.

THE FUNERALS OF THE HONOURABLE, MY BEST
FRIEND AND KINSMAN,

GEORGE TALBOT,

ESQUIRE.



ELEGIE I.

'TWERE malice to thy fame, to weepe alone,
And not enforce an universall groane
From ruinous man, and make the world complaine:
Yet I'le forbid my grieve to be prophane
In mention of thy prayse; I'le speake but truth,
Yet write more honour than ere shin'd in youth.

I can relate thy businesse here on Earth,
Thy mystery of life, thy noblest birth
Out-shin'd by nobler vertue : but how farre
Th' hast tane thy journey 'bove the highest star,
I cannot speake, nor whether thou art in
Commission with a throne, or cherubin.
Passe on triumphant in thy glorious way,
Till thou hast reacht the place assign'd : we may,
Without disturbing the harmonious spheares,
Bathe here below thy memory in our teares.
Ten dayes are past, since a dull wonder seis'd
My active soule : loud stormes of sighes are rais'd
By empty griefes; they, who can utter it,
Doe not vent forth their sorrow, but their wit.
I stood like Niobe, without a groane,
Congeal'd into that monumentall stone
That doth lye over thee : I had no roome
For witty grieve, fit onely for thy tombe.
And friendship's monument thus had I stood ;
But that the flame, I beare thee, warm'd my blood
With a new life. I'le, like a funerall fire,
But burne a while to thee, and then expire.

ELEGIE II.

TALBOT is dead. Like lightning, which no part
O' th' body touches, but first strikes the heart,
This word hath murder'd me. There's not in all
The stocke of sorrow any charme can call
Death sooner up : For musique's in the breath
Of thunder, and a sweetnesse even i' th' death
That brings with it, if you with this compare
All the loude noyses, which torment the ayre.
They cure (physitians say) the element
Sicke with dull vapours, and to banishment
Confine infections ; but this fatall shreeke,
Without the least redress, is utter'd like
The last daye's summons, when Earth's trophies
lye
A scatter'd heape, and time it selfe must dye.

What now hath life to boast of? Can I have
A thought lesse darke than th' horror of the grave,
Now thou dost dwell below? Wer't not a fault
Past pardon, to raise fancie 'bove thy vault?
Hayle sacred house in which his reliques sleep!
Blest marble give me leave t' approach, and weepe
These voves to thee! for since great Talbot's
gone

Downe to thy silence, I commerce with none
But thy pale people; and in that confute
Mistaken man, that dead men are not mute.
Delicious beauty, lend thy flatter'd eare
Accustom'd to warme whispers, and thou'lt heare
How their cold language tels thee, that thy skin
Is but a beautious shrine, in which black sin
Is idoliz'd; thy eyes but spheares where lust
Hath its loose motion; and thy end is dust.
Great Atlas of the state, descend with me
But hither, and this vault shall furnish thee
With more avisos, than thy costly spyes,
And show how false are all those mysteries
Thy sect receives; and though thy pallace swell
With envied pride, 'tis here that thou must dwell.
It will instruct you, courtier, that your art
Of outward smoothnesse and a rugged heart

But cheates your selfe, and all those subtile wayes
You tread to greatnesse, is a fatall maze
Where you yourselfe shall loose; for though you
breath

Vpward to pride, your center is beneath.
And 'twill thy rhetorick, false flesh! confound,
Which flatters my fraile thoughts, no time can
wound

This unarm'd frame. Here is true eloquence
Will teach my soule to triumph over sence,
Which hath its period in a grave, and there
Showes what are all our pompous surfets here.
Great orator! deare Talbot! Still to thee
May I an auditor attentive be,
And piously maintaine the same commerce
We held in life! and if in my rude verse
I to the world may thy sad precepts read,
I will on Earth interpret for the dead.

ELEGIE III.

LET me contemplate thee (faire soule) and though
I cannot tracke the way, which thou didst goe
In thy cœlestiall journey, and my heart
Expansion wants, to thinke what now thou art,
How bright and wide thy glories; yet I may
Remember thee, as thou wert in thy clay.
Best object to my heart! what vertues be
Inherent even to the least thought of thee!
Death, which to th' vig'rous heate of youth brings
feare

In its leane looke, doth like a prince appeare,
Now glorious to my eye, since it possest
The wealthie empyre of that happie chest
Which harbours thy rich dust; for how can he
Be thought a bank'rout that embraces thee?

Sad midnight whispers with a greedy care
I catch from lonely graves, in hope to heare
Newes from the dead ; nor can pale visions fright
His eye, who since thy death feeles no delight
In man's acquaintance. Mem'ry of thy fate
Doth in me a sublimer soule create ;
And now my sorrow followes thee, I tread
The milkie way, and see the snowie head
Of Atlas farre below, while all the high
Swolne buildings seeme but atoms to my eye.
I'me heighten'd by my ruine ; and while I
Weepe ore the vault where thy sad ashes lye,
My soul with thine doth hold commerce above ;
Where we discern the stratagems, which love,
Hate, and ambition, use, to cozen man ;
So fraile that every blast of honour can
Swell him above himselfe, each adverse gust
Him and his glories shiver into dust.
How small seemes greatnesse here ! How not a
span
His empire, who commands the Ocean !
Both that, which boasts so much it's mighty ore,
And th'other, which with pearle hath pav'd its
shore.

Nor can it greater seeme, when this great All
For which men quarrell so, is but a ball
Cast downe into the ayre to sport the starres:
And all our generall ruines, mortall warres,
Depopulated states, caus'd by their sway;
And man's so reverend wisdom but their play.
From thee, deare Talbot, living I did learne
The arts of life, and by thy light discern
The truth which men dispute: but by thee dead
I'me taught, upon the world's gay pride to tread;
And that way sooner master it, than he
To whom both th' Indies tributary be.

ELEGIE V.



MY name, deare friend, even thy expiring breath
Did call upon : affirming that thy death
Would wound my poor sad heart. Sad it must be
Indeed, lost to all thoughts of mirth in thee.

My lord, if I with licence of your teares,
(Which your great brother's hearse as diamonds
weares

T' enrich death's glory) may but speake my owne ;

I'le prove it, that no sorrow e're was knowne

Reall as mine. All other mourners keepe

In grieve a method : without forme I weepe.

The sonne (rich in his father's fate) hath eyes

Wet just as long as are the obsequies.

The widow formerly a yeare doth spend

In her so courtly blackes. But for a friend

We weepe an age, and more than th' anchorit, have

Our very thoughts confin'd within a grave.

Chast love who hadst thy tryumph in my flame,
And thou Castara ! who hadst had a name,
But for this sorrow, glorious ; now my verse
Is lost to you, and onely on 'Talbot's herse
Sadly attends : and till 'Time's fatal hand
Ruines what's left of churches, there shall stand.
There to thy selfe, deare Talbot, I'le repeate
Thy owne brave story ; tell thy selfe how great
Thou wert in thy minde's empire, and how all
Who out-live thee, see but the funerall
Of glory : and if yet some vertuous be,
They but weake apparitions are of thee.
So settled were thy thoughts, each action so
Discretely ordered, that nor ebbe nor flow
Was e're percciv'd in thee ; each word mature,
And every sceane of life from sinne so pure,
That scarce in its whole history we can
Finde vice enough, to say thou wert but man.
Horroure to say thou wert ! Curst that we must
Adresse our language to a little dust,
And seeke for Talbot there ! Injurious fate,
To lay my life's ambition desolate !
Yet thus much comfort have I, that I know
Not how it can give such another blow.

ELEGIE V.



CHAST as the nun's first vow, as fairely bright
As when by death her soul shines in full light
Freed from th' eclipse of Earth, each word that
came

From thee (deare Talbot) did beget a flame
T' enkindle vertue: which so faire by thee
Became, man, that blind mole, her face did see.
But now to our eye she's lost; and if she dwell
Yet on the Earth, she's confin'd in the cell
Of some cold hermit, who so keeps her there,
As if of her the old man jealous were:
Nor ever shows her beauty, but to some
Carthusian, who even by his vow, is dumbe.

So 'mid the yce of the farre northern sea,
A starre about the articke circle may
'Than ours yeeld clearer light ; yet that but shall
Serve at the frozen pilot's funerall.
Thou (brightest constellation) to this maine
Which all we sinners traffique on, didst daigne
'The bounty of thy fire, which with so cleare
And constant beames did our frayle vessels steere
That safely we, what storm so e're bore sway,
Past o're the rugged Alpes of th' angry sea.
But now we sayle at randome. Every rocke
'The folly doth of our ambition mocke,
And splits our hopes : to every syren's breath
We listen, and even court the face of death,
If painted o're by pleasure : every wave,
If't hath delight, w' embrace, though 't prove a
grave.

So ruinous is the defect of thee,
To th' undone world in gen'rall : but to me
Who liv'd one life with thine, drew but one breath,
Possess with the same mind and thoughts, 'twas
death.

And now by fate, I but my selfe survive,
To keepe his mem'ry, and my griefes alive.

Where shall I then begin to weepe ? No grove
Silent and darke, but is prophan'd by love :
With his warme whispers, and faint idle feares,
His busie hopes, loud sighes, and caselesse teares
Each eare is so enchanted, that no breath
Is list'ned to, which mockes report of death.
I'le turne my grieve then inward, and deplore
My ruine to my selfe, repeating ore
The story of his virtues, until I
Not write, but am my selfe his elegie.

ELEGIE VI.

GOE stop the swift-wing'd moments in their flight
To their yet unknowne coast, goe hinder night
From its approach on day, and force day rise
From the faire east of some bright beantie's eyes :
Else vaunt not the proud miracle of verse.
It hath no power. For mine from his blacke
herse

Redeemes not Talbot, who cold as the breath
Of winter, coffin'd lyes ; silent as death,
Stealing on th' anch'rit, who even wants an eare
To breathe into his soft expiring prayer.
For had thy life beene by thy vertues spun
Out to a length, thou hadst out-liv'd the Sunne,

And clos'd the world's great eye : or were not all
Our wonders fiction, from thy funerall
Thou hadst received new life, and liv'd to be
The conqueror o're death, inspir'd by me.
But all we poets glory in, is vaine
And empty triumph: Art cannot regaine
One poore houre lost, nor reskew a small flye
By a foole's finger destinate to dye.
Live then in thy true life (great soule) for set
At liberty by death, thou owest no debt
T' exacting Nature : live, freed from the sport
Of time and fortune, in yand' starry court
A glorious potentate, while we below
But fashion wayes to mitigate our woe.
We follow campes, and to our hopes propose
'Th' insulting victor ; not rememb'ring those
Dismembred trunkes, who gave him victory
By a loath'd fate ; we covetous merchants be,
And to our aymes pretend treasure and sway,
Forgetfull of the treasons of the sea.
The shootings of a wounded conscience
We patiently sustaine, to serve our sence
With a short pleasure ; so we empire gaine
And rule the fate of businesse ; the sad paine

Of action we contemne, and the affright
Which with pale visions still attends our night.
Our joyes false apparitions, but our feares
Are certaine prophecies : and till our ears
Reach that cælestiall musique, which thine now
So cheerefully receive, we must allow
No comfort to our griefes : from which to be
Exempted, is in death to follow thee.

ELEGIE VII.

THERE is no peace in sinne. Æternall warr
Doth rage 'mong vices. But all vertues are
Friends 'mong themselves, and choisest accents be
Harsh ecchos of their heavenly harmonie.
While thou didst live, we did that union finde
In the so faire republick of thy mind,
Where discord never swel'd. And as we dare
Affirme, those goodly structures temples are,
Where well-tun'd quires strike zeale into the eare;
The musique of thy soule made us say, there
God had his altars ; every breath a spice,
And each religious act a sacrifice.
But death hath that demolish't. All our eye
Of thee now sees, doth like a cittie lye

Ras'd by the cannon. Where is then that flame
That added warmth and beauty to thy frame?
Fled heaven-ward to repaire, with its pure fire,
The losses of some maim'd seraphick quire?
Or hovers it beneath, the world t' uphold
From generall ruine, and expel that cold
Dull humour weakens it? If so it be,
My sorrow yet must prayse Fate's charity.
But thy example (if kinde Heaven had daign'd
Frailty that favour) had mankind regain'd
To his first purity. For that the wit
Of vice might not except 'gainst th' anchorit
As too, too strict; thou didst uncloyster'd live:
Teaching the soule by what preservative
She may from sinnes contagion live secure,
Though all the ayre she suckt in were impure.
In this darke mist of errour, with a cleare
Vnspotted light thy vertue did appeare
T' obrayd corrupted man. How could the rage
Of untam'd lust have scorcht decrepit age,
Had it seene thy chast youth? Who could the
wealth
Of time have spent in riot, or his health
By surfeits forfeited, if he had seene
What temperance had in thy dyet beene?

What glorious foole had vaunted honours bought
By gold or practise, or by rapin brought
From his fore-fathers, had he understood
How Talbot valued not his own great blood?
Had politicians scene him scorning more
The unsafe pompe of greatnesse, than the poore
Thatcht roofes of shepheards, where th' unruly
wind

(A gentler storme than pride) uncheckt doth find
Still free admittance : their pale labours had
Beene to be good, not to be great and bad.
But he is lost in a blind vault, and we
Must not admire, though sinnes now frequent be
And uncontrol'd : since those faire tables, where
The law was writ, by death now broken are,
By death extinguisht is that star, whose light
Did shine so faithfull, that each ship sayl'd right
Which steer'd by that. Nor marvell then if we
(That failing) lost in this world's tempest be.
But to what orbe so e're thou dost retyre,
Far from our ken, 'tis blest, while by thy fire
Enlighten'd. And since thou must never here
Be scene againe, may I o're take thee there !

•

ELEGIE VIII.

BOAST not the rev'rend Vatican, nor all
The cunning pompe of the Escuriall:
Though there both th' Indies met in each small
 room,
Th' are short in treasure of this precious tombe.
Here is th' epitome of wealth; this chest
Is Nature's chief exchequer; hence the East,
When it is purified by th' generall fire,
Shall see these now pale ashes sparkle higher
Than all the gems she vants: transcending far
In fragrant lustre⁷³ the bright morning star.

⁷³ *Fragrant lustre.*

Perhaps from Ausonius.

Twere doubtful if the blossoms of the rose
Had robb'd the morning, or the morning those.

'Tis true, they now seeme darke : but rather we
Have by a cataract lost sight, than he,
Though dead, his glory. So to us blacke night
Brings darknesse, when the sunne retains his light.
Thou eclips'd dust ! expecting breake of day
From the thicke mists about thy tombe, I'le pay,
Like the just larke, the tribute of my verse :
I will invite thee from thy envious herse
To rise, and 'bout the world thy beames to spread,
That we may see there's brightnesse in the dead.
My zeale deludes me not. What perfumes come
From th' happy vault ? In her sweet martyrdome
The nard breathes never so, nor so the rose,
When the enamour'd Spring by kissing blowes
Soft blushes on her cheeke, nor th' early East,
Vying with Paradise, i' th' phœnix nest.
These gentle perfumes usher in the day,
Which from the night of his discolour'd clay
Breakes on the sudden : for a soule so bright
Of force must to her earth contribute light.

In dew, in tint the same, the star and flower ;
For both confess the queen of beauty's power :
Perchance their sweets the same : but this more nigh
Exhales its breath, and that imbalms the sky.

But if w' are so far blind we cannot see
'The wonder of this truth, yet let us be,
Not infidels ; nor like dull atheists give
Our selves so long to lust, till we believe
T' allay the grieve of sinne) that we shall fall
To a loath'd nothing in our funerall.

The bad man's death is horror ; but the just
Keepes something of his glory in his dust.

Castara.



PART THE FOURTH.



A HOLY MAN

Is onely happie. For infelicity and sinne were borne twinnes ; or rather like some prodigie with two bodies, both draw and expire the same breath. Catholique faith is the foundation on which he erects religion ; knowing it a ruinous madnesse to build in the ayre of a private spirit, or on the sands of any new schisme. His impietie is not so bold to bring divinity downe to the mistake of reason, or to deny those misteries his apprehension reacheth not. His obedience moves still by direction of the magistrate : and, should conscience informe him that the command is unjust, he judgeth it neverthesse high treason by rebellion to make good his tenets ; as it were the basest cowardize, by dissimulation of religion, to preserve temporall respects. Hee knowes humane pollicie but a crooked rule of action : and therefore by a distrust of his own knowledge attaines it : confounding with supernaturall illumination, the opinionated judgment of the wise.

In prosperity he gratefully admires the bounty of the Almighty giver, and useth, not abuseth plenty: but in adversity he remains unshaken, and like some eminent mountaine hath his head above the clouds. For his happiness is not, meteor-like, exhaled from the vapours of this world; but shines a fixt starre, which, when by misfortune it appears to fall, onely casts away the slimie matter. Poverty he neither feares nor covets, but cheerefully entertaines; imagining it the fire which tries vertue: nor how tyrannically soever it usurpe on him, doth he pay to it a sigh or wrinckle; for he who suffers want without reluctancie, may be poore not miserable. He sees the covetous prosper by usury, yet waxeth not leane with envie: and when the posteritie of the impious flourish, he questiones not the divine justice; for temporall rewards distinguish not ever the merits of men: and who hath beene of counsel with the Æternall? Fame he weighes not, but esteemes a smoake, yet such as carries with it the sweetest odour, and riseth usually from the sacrifice of our best actions. Pride he disdaines, when he findes it swelling in himselfe; but easily forgiveth it in another: Nor can any man's error in life make him sinne in censure, since seldome the folly we condemne is so culpable as the severity of our judgement. He doth not malice the over-spreading growth of his æqualls: but pitties, not despiseth the fall of any man: esteeming yet no storme of fortune dangerous, but what is rais'd through our owne demerit. When he looks on other's vices, he

values not himselfe virtuous by comparison, but examines his owne defects, and findes matter enough at home for reprehension. In conversation his carriage is neither plausible to flattery, nor reserv'd to rigour: but so demeanes himselfe as created for societie. In solitude he remembers his better part is angelicall; and therefore his minde practiseth the best discourse without assistance of inferiour organs. Lust is the basiliske he flyes, a serpent of the most destroying venome: for it blasts all plants with the breath, and carries the most murdering artillery in the eye. He is ever merry, but still modest: not dissolved into undecent laughter, or tickled with wit scurrilous or injurious. He cunningly searcheth into the vertues of others, and liberally commends them: but buries the vices of the imperfect in a charitable silence, whose manners he reformes not by invectives but example. In prayer he is frequent, not apparent: yet as he labours not the opinion, so he feares not the scandall of being thought good. He every day travailes his meditations up to Heaven, and never findes himself wearied with the journey; but when the necessities of nature retorne him downe to Earth, he esteemes it a place he is condemned to. Devotion is his mistresse on which he is passionately enamour'd: for he hath found the most soveraigne antidote against sinne, and the onely balsome powerful to cure those wounds hee hath receav'd through frailty. To live he knowes a benefit, and the contempt of it ingratitude, and therefore loves, but not doates on life. Death how

deformed soever an aspect it weares, he is not frightened with : since it not annihilates, but uncloudes the soule. He therefore stands every moment prepared to dye : and though he freely yeelds up himselfe, when age or sicknesse summon him ; yet he with more alacritie puts off his earth, when the profession of faith crownes him a martyr.

Part Fourth.

DOMINE LABIA MEA APERIES:

DAVID.

NOE monument of me remaine,
My mem'orie rust
In the same marble with my dust,
Ere I the spreading laurell gaine,
By writing wanton or prophane.

Ye glorious wonders of the skies,
Shine still, bright starres,
Th' Almighty's mystick characters !
I'le not your beautious lights surprize,
T' illuminate a woman's eyes.

Nor, to perfume her veines, will I,
In each one set
The purple of the violet :
The untoucht flowre may grow and dye
Safe from my fancie's injurie.

Open my lippes, great God ! and then
He soare above
The humble flight of carnall love :
Vpward to thee He force my pen,
And trace no path of vulgar men.

For what can our unbounded soules
Worthy to be
Their object finde, excepting thee ?
Where can I fixe ? since time controules
Our pride, whose motion all things roulés.

Should I my selfe ingratiate
T' a prince's smile,
How soone may death my hopes beguile ?
And should I farme the proudest state,
I'me tennant to uncertaine fate.

If I court gold, will it not rust ?
And if my love
Toward a female beauty move,
How will that surfet of our lust
Distast us, when resolv'd to dust ?

But thou, Æternall banquet ! where
For ever we

May feede without satietie !
Who harmonic art to the eare !
Who art, while all things else appeare !

While up to thee I shoote my flame,
Thou dost dispence
A holy death, that murders sence ;
And makes me scorne all pompes, that ayme
At other triumphes than thy name.

It crownes me with a victory
So heavenly, all
That's earth from me away doth fall ;
And I, from my corruption free,
Grow in my vowes even part of thee.

VERSA EST IN LUCTUM CYTHARA MEA.

102.

Love! I no orgies sing
Whereby thy mercies to invoke :
Nor from the East rich perfumes bring
To cloude thy altars with the precious smoake.

Nor while I did frequent
Those fanes by lovers rais'd to thee,
Did I loose heathenish rites invent,
To force a blush from injur'd chastitie.

Religious was the charme
I used, affection to intice :
And thought none burnt more bright or warme ;
Yet chaste as winter was the sacrifice.

But now I thee bequeath
To the soft silken youths at court :
Who may their witty passions breath,
To raise their mistresse' smile, or make her sport.

They'le smooth thee into rime,
Such as shall catch the wanton eare :
And win opinion with the time,
To make them a high sayle of honour beare.

And may a powerfull smile
Cherish their flatteries of wit !
While I my life of fame beguile,
And under my owne vine uncourted sit.

For I have seen the pine,
Famed for its travels ore the sea,
Broken with stormes and age decline,
And in some creek unpittied rot away.

I have scene cædars fall,
And in their roome a mushrome grow :
I have scene comets, threatning all,
Vanish themselves : I have scene princes so.

Vaine triviall dust ! weake man !
Where is that vertue of thy breath,
That others save or ruine can,
When thou thy selfe art cal'd t' account by Death ?

When I consider thee,
The scorne of Time, and sport of Fate ;
How can I turne to jollitie
My ill-strung harpe, and court the delicate ?

How can I but disdaine
The emptie fallacies of mirth ;
And in my midnight thoughts retaine,
How high so ere I spread, my root's in earth ?—

Fond youth ! too long I play'd
The wanton with a false delight ;
Which when I toucht, I found a shade;
That onely wrought on th' error of my sight.

Then since pride doth betray
The soule to flatter'd ignorance :
I from the world will steale away,
And by humility my thoughts advance.

PERDAM SAPIENTIAM SAPIENTUM.

TO THE RIGHT HON.

THE LORD WINDSOR.⁷⁴

MY LORD,

FORGIVE my envie to the world, while I
Commend these sober thoughts, perswade you fly
The glorious troubles of the court. For though
The vale lyes open to each overflow,

⁷⁴ *The Lord Windsor.*

Thomas, sixth Lord Windsor. He was rear-admiral in that fleet, sent by king James to bring prince Charles out of Spain. At which time he nobly entertained on ship-board the grandees of that court; his equipage and expences standing him in no less than £15,000. A person of a most free and generous spirit, much accomplished with learning,

And in the humble shade we gather ill
And aguish ayres ; yet lightnings oftner kill
O' th' naked heights of mountaines, whereon we
May have more prospect, not securitie.
For when, with losse of breath, we have orecome
Some steepe ascent of power, and forc'd a roome
On the so envi'd hill, how doe our hearts
Pant with the labour, and how many arts
More subtle must we practise, to defend
Our pride from sliding, than we did t' ascend ?
How doth successe delude the mysteries,
And all th' involv'd designements of the wise ?
How doth that power, our pollitickes call chance,
Racke them, till they confesse the ignorance
Of humane wit ? Which, when 'tis fortified
So strong with reason, that it doth deride
All adverse force, o' th' sudden findes its head
Intangled in a spider's slender thread.

especially antiquities, and sundry useful observations by his travels through France, Italy, and other foreign parts. He married Catherine, daughter to Edward, Earl of Worcester ; (Lord Privy seal,) and died without issue, Dec. 6. 1642.

Collins's Peerage, Vol. iv.

Cœlestiall Providence ! how thou dost mocke
The boast of earthly wisdom ! On some rocke
When man hath rear'd a structure, with such art
It doth disdain to tremble at the dart
Of thunder, or to shrink, oppos'd by all
The angry winds, it of it selfe doth fall,
Ev'n in a calme so gentle, that no ayre
Breaths loud enough to stirre a virgin's haire!
But, misery of judgement ! Though past time,
Instruct us by th' ill fortune of their crimes,
And show us how we may secure our state
From pittied ruine, by another's fate ;
Yet we, contemning all such sad advice,
Pursue to build, though on a precipice.

But you (my lord) prevented by foresight
To engage your selfe to such an unsafe height,
And in your selfe both great and rich enough,
Refused t' expose your vessell to the rough
Uncertaine sea of businesse : whence even they,
Who make the best returne, are forc'd to say :
“ The wealth we by our worldly traffique gaine
Weighs light, if ballanc'd with the feare or paine.”

FAUCITATEM DIERUM MEORUM NUNCIA MIHI.

DAVID.

TELL me, O great All-knowing God !

What period

Hast thou unto my dayes assign'd ?

Like some old leafelesse tree, shall I

Wither away, or violently

Fall by the axe, by lightning, or the wind ?

Heere, where I first drew vitall breath,

Shall I meete death ?

And finde in the same vault a roome

Where my fore-fathers' ashes sleepe ?

Or shall I dye, where none shall weepe

My timelesse fate, and my cold earth intombe ?

Shall I 'gainst the swift Parthians fight,
And in their flight
Receive my death? Or shall I see
That envied peace, in which we are
Triumphant yet, disturb'd by warre,
And perish by th' invadingemie?

Astrologers, who calculate
Vncertaine fate,
Affirme my scheme doth not presage
Any abridgement of my dayes :
And the physitian gravely sayes,
I may enjoy a reverent length of age.

But they are jugglers, and by slight
Of art the sight
Of faith delude : and in their schoole
They onely practise how to make
A mistery of each mistake,
And teach strange words credulity to foole.

For thou, who first didst motion give,
Whereby things live,
And time hath being, to conceale

Future events didst thinke it fit ;
To checke th' ambition of our wit,
And keepe in awe the curious search of zeale.

Therefore, so I prepar'd still be,
My God, for thee,
O'th' sudden on my spirits may
Some killing apoplexie seize,
Or let me by a dull disease,
Or weakened by a feeble age, decay.

And so I in thy favour dye,
No memorie
For me a well-wrought tombe prepare :
For if my soule be 'mong the blest,
Though my poore ashes want a chest,
I shall forgive the trespasse of my heire.

NON NOBIS DOMINE.

DAVID.

No marble statue, nor high
Aspiring pyramid, be rais'd
To lose its head within the skie :
What claim have I to memory ?
God, be thou onely prais'd !

Thou in a moment canst defeate
The mighty conquests of the proude,
And blast the laurels of the great :
Thou canst make brightest glorie set
O' th' sudden in a cloude.

How can the feeble workes of art
Hold out 'gainst the assault of stormes?
Or how can brasse to him impart
Sence of surviving fame, whose heart
Is now resolv'd to wormes?

Blinde folly of triumphing pride!
Æternitie why buildst thou here? '
Dost thou not see the highest tide
Its humbled streame in th' ocean hide,
And nere the same appeare?

That tide which did its banckes ore-flow,
As sent abroad by th' angry sea
To levell vastest buildings low,
And all our trophes overthrow,
Ebbes like a theefe away.

And thou, who to preserve thy name,
Leav'st statues in some conquer'd land;
How will posterity scorne fame,
When th' idoll shall receive a maim,
And loose a foot or hand?

How wilt thou hate thy warres, when he,
Who onely for his hire did raise
Thy counterfet in stone, with thee
Shall stand competitor, and be
Perhaps thought worthier praise?

No laurell wreath about my brow !
To thee, my God, all praise, whose law
The conquer'd doth and conqueror bow !
For both dissolve to ayre, if thou
Thy influence but withdraw.

SOLUM MIHI SUPEREST SEPULCHRUM.

IOB.

WELCOME, thou safe retreat !
 Where th' injured man may fortifie
 'Gainst the invasions of the great :
 Where the leane slave, who th' ore doth plye,
 Soft as his admirall may lye.

Great statist ! 'tis your doome,
 Though your designes swell high and wide,
 To be contracted in a tombe !⁷⁵

⁷⁵ *To be contracted in a tomb.*

This ode is in the spirit of Horace. Od. 18. lib. 2.

Tu secunda marmora, &c.

And all your happie cares provide
But for your heire authorized pride.

Nor shall your shade delight
I'th' pompe of your proud obsequies :
And should the present flatterie write
A glorious epitaph, the wise
Will say, "The poet's wit here lyes."

But you, with thoughtless pride elate,
Unconscious of impending fate,
Command the pillar'd dome to rise,
When lo ! thy tomb forgotten lies.

DR. FRANCIS.

Extractus in altum
Divitiis, &c. Od. 3. lib. 2.

You must, my Dellius, yield to fate,
And to your heir these high-pil'd treasures leave.

Id.

Æqua tellus
Pauperi recluditur, &c.—Od. 18. lib. 2.

For earth impartial entertains
Her various sons ; and in her breast
Princes and beggars equal rest.

Id.

How reconcil'd to fate
Will grow the aged villager,
When he shall see your funerall state!
Since death will him as warme inter
As you in your gay sepulchre.

The great decree of God
Makes every path of mortals lead
To this darke common period:
For what by wayes so ere we tread,
We end our journey 'mong the dead.

Even I, while humble zeale
Makes fancie a sad truth indite,
Insensible away doe steale:
And when I'me lost in death's cold night,
Who will remember, now I write?

ET FUGIT VELUT UMBRA.

IOB.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

THE LORD KINTYRE.⁷⁶

MY LORD,

THAT shadow your faire body made,
So full of sport, it still the mimick playde,

⁷⁶ *The Lord Kintyre.*

James, son of Archibald, 7th Earl of Argyle, by his second wife Anne, daughter of Sir William Cornwallis, was created Lord Kintyre by James VI. in 1622; and by King Charles I. dignified with the title of Earl of Irvine; by letters patent, bearing date 1642.

COLLINS.

Ev'n as you mov'd and look'd, but yesterday
So huge in stature, night had stolne away :
And this is th' emblem of our life : to please
And flatter which, we sayle ore broken seas,
Vnfaithfull in their rockes and tides ; we dare
All the sicke humours of a forraine ayre,
And mine so deepe in earth, as we would trie
To unlocke Hell, should gold there hoarded lie.
But when we have built up an ædifice
T' outwastle time, we have but built on ice :
For firme however all our structures be,
Polisht with smoothest Indian ivory,
Rais'd high on marble, our unthankfull heire
Will scarce retaine in memory, that we were.
Tracke thro' the ayre the footsteps of the wind,
And search the print of ships sail'd by ; then finde
Where all the glories of those monarchs be,
Who bore such sway in the worlds infancie.
Time hath devour'd them all: and scarce can
Fame
Give an account, that ere they had a name.
How can he, then, who doth the world controle,
And strikes a terrour now in either pole,

Th' insulting Turke, secure himself, that he
Shall not be lost to dull posterity ?
And though the superstition of those times,
Which defied kings to warrant their owne crimes,
Translated Cæsar to a starre ; yet they,
Who every region of the skie survey,
In their cœlestiall travaile, that bright coast
Could nere discover, which containes his ghost.
And after death to make that awe survive
Which subjects owe their princes yet alive,
Though they build pallaces of brasse and jet,
And keepe them living in a counterfet,
The curious looker on soone passes by,
And findes the tombe a sicknesse to his eye.
Neither, when once the soule is gone, doth all
The solemne triumph of the funerall
Adde to her glory, or her paine release :
Then all the pride of warre, and wealth of peace
For which we toil'd, from us abstracted be,
And onely serve to swell the history.

These are sad thoughts (my lord) and such as
fright
The easie soule, made tender with delight,

Who thinkes that he hath forfettèd that houre,
Which addes not to his pleasure or his powre.
But by the friendship which your lordship daignes
Your servant, I have found your judgement raignes
Above all passion in you : and that sence
Could never yet demolish that strong fence
Which vertue guards you with : by which you are
Triumphant in the best, the inward warre,

NOX NOCTI INDICAT SCIENTIAM.

DAVID.

==

WHEN I survey the bright
Cœlestiall speare :
So rich with jewels hung, that night
Doth like an Ethiop bride⁷⁷ appeare :

My soule her wings doth spread,
And heaven-ward flies,

⁷⁷ *Like an Æthiop bride.*

Perhaps suggested by Shakspeare—*Romeo and Juliet* :

A. 1, S. 5.

Her beauty hangs upon the cheek of Night
Like a rich jewel in an Æthiop's ear.

The Almighty's mysteries to read
In the large volumes of the skies.

For the bright firmament
Shootes forth no flame
So silent, but is eloquent
In speaking the Creator's name.

No unregarded star
Contracts its light
Into so small a character,
Remov'd far from our humane sight,

But if we stedfast looke
We shall discern
In it, as in some holy booke,
How man may heavenly knowledge learne.

It tells the conqueror,
That farre-stretcht powre,
Which his proud dangers traffique for,
Is but the triumph of an houre.

That, from the farthest North,
Some nation may

Yet undiscovered issue forth,
And ore his new got conquest sway.

Some nation, yet shut in
With hils of ice,
May be let out to scourge his sinne,
Till they shall equall him in vice.

And then they likewise shall
Their ruine have ;
For as your selves your empires fall.
And every kingdom hath a grave.

Thus those cœlestiall fires,
Though seeming mute,
The fallacie of our desires,
And all the pride of life, confute.

For they have watcht since first
The world had birth :
And found sinne in it selfe accurst,
And nothing permanent on Earth.

ET ALTA A LONGE COGNOSCIT.

DAVID.

To the cold humble hermitage
(Not tenanted but by discoloured age,
Or youth enfeebled by long prayer,
And tame with fasts) th' Almighty doth repaire.
But from the lofty gilded roofe,
Stain'd with some pagan fiction, keepes aloofe.
Nor the gay landlord daignes to know,
Whose buildings are like monsters but for show.
Ambition ! wither wilt thee climbe,
Knowing thy art the mockery of time?
Which, by examples, tells the high
Rich structures, they must, as their owners, dyc :

And, while they stand, their tennants are
Detraction, Flatt'ry, Wantonnesse, and Care,
Pride, Envie, Arrogance, and Doubt,
Surfet, and Ease still tortured by the gout.

O rather may I patient dwell
In th' injuries of an ill cover'd cell !

'Gainst whose too weake defence the haile,
The angry winds, and frequent showres prevaile :

Where the swift measures of the day
Shall be distinguisht onely as I pray :

And some starres solitary light
Be the sole taper to the tedious night !

The neighbo'ring fountaine (not accurst
Like wine with madnesse) shall allay my thirst ;

And the wilde fruites of Nature give
Dyet enough, to let me feele I live.

You wantons ! who impoverish seas,
And th' ayre dispeople, your proud taste to please !

A greedy tyrant you obey,
Who varies still its tribute with the day.

What interest doth all the vaine
Cunning of surfet to your sences gaine ;

Since it obscure the spirit must,
And bow the flesh to sleepe, disease or lust ?

While who, forgetting rest and fare,
Watcheth the fall and rising of each starre,
Ponders how bright the orbes doe move,
And thence how much more bright the Heav'ns
above,

Where on the heads of cherubins
Th' Almighty sits, disdaining our bold sinnes :
Who, while on th' Earth we groveling lye,
Dare in our pride of building tempt the skie.

UNIVERSUM STATUM EJUS VERSASTI IN
INFIRMITATE EJUS.

DAVID.

⁷⁸MY soule! when thou and I
Shall on our frighted death-bed lie,

⁷⁸ Flatman, a now neglected poet of Charles the Second's time, has an ode on this subject; which, as his poems are become scarce, I shall transcribe: and which merits preservation from its natural simplicity.

Oh the sad day,
When friends shall shake their heads, and say
Of miserable me,

Each moment watching when pale Death
Shall snatch away our latest breath,

Hark how he groans ! look how he pants for breath !
See how he struggles with the pangs of death !

When they shall say of these poor eyes

How hollow and how dim they be !

Mark how his breast doth swell and rise

Against his potent enemy !

When some old friend shall step to my bed-side,

Touch my chill face, and thence shall gently slide ;

And, when his next companions say,

“ How doth he do ? What hopes ? ” shall turn away ;

Answering only with a lift-up hand,

“ Who can his fate withstand ! ”

Then shall a gasp or two do more

Than ere my Rhetoricke could before ;

Persuade the peevish world to trouble me no more.

Rochester says of Flatman ;

Nor that slow drudge in swift Pindaric strains,

Flatman ; who Cowley imitates with pains ;

And rides a jaded Muse, whipt with loose reins.

But pindarics and pastorals were the rage of the times ; and Flatman's were, probably, as good as those of his neighbours. He was, certainly, a favorite among the wits and poets of his day : and notwithstanding the contempt into which he has fallen, some of his pieces have merit. Pope, who distinguished excellence, wherever found, had Flatman in view, when

And 'twene two long joy'n'd lovers force
An endlesse sad divorce :

How wilt thou then, that art
My rationall and nobler part,
Distort thy thoughts ? How wilt thou try
To draw from weake philosophie
Some strength ; and flatter thy poore state.
'Cause 'tis the common fate ?

How will thy spirits pant
And tremble, when they feele the want

he wrote "The dying Christian to his soul:" but, perhaps, ashamed of his prototype, confessed only to Sappho and Adrian.

When on my sick bed I languish
Full of sorrow ; full of anguish :
Fainting, gasping, trembling, crying,
Panting, groaning, speechless, dying,
My soul just now about to take her flight
To the dark regions of eternal night.

FLATMAN.

Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying,
Oh ! the pain, the bliss of dying.

POPE

Of th' usual organs, and that all
The vitall powers begin to fall ?
When 'tis decreed, that thou must goe,
Yet whether, who can know ?

How fond and idle then
will seeme the misteries of men ?
How like some dull ill-acted part
The subtlest of proud humane art ?
How shallow ev'n the deepest sea,
When thus we ebbe away ?

But how shall I (that is,
My fainting earth) looke pale at this ?
Disjointed on the racke of pain,
How shall I murmur, how complaine,
And craving all the ayde of skill,
Finde none but what must kill ?

Which way so ere my grieve
Doth throw my sight to court releefe,
I shall but meete despaire, for all
Will prophesie my funerall :
The very silence of the roome
Will represent a tombe.

And while my children's teares,
My wive's vaine hopes, but certaine feares,
And councells of divines advance
Death in each dolefull circumstance :
I shall even a sad mourner be
At my owne obsequie.

For by examples I
Must know that others' sorrowes dye
Soone as our selves, and none survive
To keepe our memories alive.
Even our fals tombes, as loath to say
We once had life, decay.

LAUDATE DOMINUM DE CÆLIS.

DAVID.

You spirits ! who have throwne away
That envious weight of clay,
Which your cœlestiall flight denyed :
Who by your glorious troopes supply
The winged hierarchie,
So broken in the angells' pride!

O you ! whom your Creator's sight
Inebriates with delight !
Sing forth the triumphs of his name,
All you enamor'd soules ! agree

In a loud symphonie,
To give expression to your flame.

To him, his owne great workes relate,
Who daign'd to elevate
You 'bove the frailtie of your birth :
Where you stand safe from that rude warre,
With which we troubled are
By the rebellion of our earth.

While a corrupted ayre beneath
Here in this world we breath,
Each houre some passion us assailes :
Now lust casts wild-fire in the blood,
Or, that it may seeme good,
It selfe in wit or beauty vailes,

Then envie circles us with hate,
And layes a siege so streight,
No heavenly succour enters in :
But, if revenge admittance finde,
For ever hath the mind
Made forfeit of itselfe to sinne.

Assaulted thus, how dare we raise
Our mindes to thinke his praise,
Who is æternall and immens ?
How dare we force our feeble wit
To speak him infinite,
So farre above the search of sence ?

O you ! who are immaculate,
His name may celebrate
In your soules' bright expansion :
You whom your vertues did unite
To his perpetual light,
That even with him you now shine one.

While we, who t' earth contract our hearts,
And only studie arts
To shorten the sad length of time :
In place of joyes bring humble feares :
For hymnes, repentant teares :
And a new sigh for every crime.

QUI QUASI FLOS EGREDITUR.

TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE, THE

LADY CAT. T.

FAIRE madam ! You
May see what's man in yond' bright rose :
Though it the wealth of Nature owes,
It is opprest, and bends with dew.

Which shows, though fate
May promise still to warme our lippes,

And keepe our eyes from an ecclips,
It will our pride with teares abate.

Poore silly flowre !
Though in thy beauty thou presume,
And breath which doth the spring perfume ;
Thou may'st be cropt this very houre.

And though it may
Then thy good fortune be, to rest
O'th pillow of some ladie's brest ;
Thou'lt wither, and be throwne away.

For 'tis thy doome
However, that there shall appeare
No memory that thou grew'st heere,
Ere the tempestuous winter come.

But flesh is loath
By meditation to fore see
How loath'd a nothing it must be :
Proud in the triumphes of its growth.

And tamely can
Behold this mighty world decay,
And weare by th' age of time away :
Yet not discourse the fall of man.

But, madam, these
Are thoughts to cure sicke humane pride ;
And med'cines are in vaine applyed
To bodies far 'bove all disease.

For you so live
As th' angels, in one perfect state ;
Safe from the ruines of our fate,
By virtue's great preservative.

And though we see
Beautie enough to warme each heart ;
Yet you, by a chaste chimicke art,
Calcine fraile love to pietie.

QUID GLORIARIS IN MALICIA?

DAVID.

SWELL no more, proud man, so high!
For enthron'd where ere you sit,
Rais'd by fortune, sinne, and wit,
In a vault thou dust must lye.
He, who's lifted up by vice,
Hath a neighb'ring precipice
Dazeling his distorted eye.

Shallow is that unsafe sea
Over which you spread your saile :
And the barke you trust to, fraile
As the winds it must obey.

Mischiefe, while it prospers, brings :
Favour from the smile of kings,
Vseless soone, is throwne away.

Profit, though sinne it extort,
Princes, even accounted good,
Courting greatnesse, nere withstood,
Since it empire doth support :
But, when death makes them repent,
They condemne the instrument,
And are thought religious for't.

Pitch'd downe from that height you beare,
How distracted will you lye ;
When your flattering clients flye
As your fate infectious were !
When, of all th' obsequious throng
That mov'd by your eye and tongue,
None shall in the storme appeare ?

When that abject insolence
(Which submits to the more great,
And disdaines the weaker state,
As misfortune were offence)

Shall at court be judged a crime
Though in practise, and the time
Purchase wit at your expence.

Each small tempest shakes the proud ;
Whose large branches vainely sprout
'Bove the measure of the roote :
But let stormes speake nere so loud,
And th' astonisht day benight ;
Yet the just shines in a light
Faire as noone without a cloud.

DEUS DEUS MEUS.

DAVID.

WHERE is that foole philosophic,
That beldam reason, and that beast dull sence :
Great God ! when I consider thee,
Omnipotent, æternal, and imens ?
Vnmov'd thou didst behold the pride
Of th' angels, when they to defection fell ;
And, without passion, didst provide,
To punish treason, rackes and death in hell.
Thy word created this great all,
I'th' lower part whereof we wage such warres :

The upper bright and sphæricall
By purer bodies tenanted, the starres.
And though sixe days it thee did please
To build this frame ; the seventh for rest t' assigne ;
Yet was it not thy paine or ease,
But to teach man the quantities of time.
This world so mighty and so faire,
So 'bove the reach of all dimension,
If to thee God we should compare,
Is not the slender'st atome to the Sun.
What then am I, poore nothing, man !
That elevate my voyce and speake of thee ?
Since no imagination can
Distinguish part of thy immensitie ?
What am I who dare call thee God !
And raise my fancie to discourse thy power ?
To whom dust is the period ;
Who am not sure to farme this very houre ?
For how know I the latest sand
In my fraile glasse of life, doth not now fall ?
And, while I thus astonisht stand,
I but prepare for my owne funerall ?
Death doth with man no order keepe ;

It reckons not by the expence of yeares ;
But makes the queene and beggar weepe,
And nere distinguishes betweene their teares.
He, who the victory doth gaine,
Falls, as he him pursues, who from him flyes,
And is by too good fortune slaine.
The lover in his amorous courtship dyes :⁷⁹
The states-man suddenly expires,
While he for others ruine doth prepare :
And the gay lady, while sh' admires
Her pride, and curles in wanton nets her haire.
No state of man is fortified
'Gainst the assault of th' universall doome :
But who th' Almighty feare, deride
Pale Death, and meet with triumph in the tombe.

⁷⁹ *The lover in his amorous courtship dyes.*

These lines remind us of some figures in Holbein's groupes of the Dance of Death. Plates from this painting might have been seen by Habington.

QUONIAM EGO IN FLAGELLA PARATUS SUM.

DAVID.

Fix me on some bleake precipice,
Where I ten thousand yeares may stand :
Made now a statue of ice,⁸⁰
Then by the summer scorcht and tan'd :

⁸⁰ *Made now a statue of ice.*

Habington seems to have had in his mind the legendary hell of the monks: which supposed a transition from the extreme of heat to that of cold. Dr. Newton thinks the idea founded on a passage in Job, as it stands in the Latin vulgate; 24. 19. Ad nimium calorem transeat ab aquis nivium: "let him

Place me alone in some fraile boate
'Mid th' horrors of an angry sea :

" pass to excessive heat from waters of snow." But the description of Milton,

they feel, by turns, the bitter change
Of fierce extremes ; extremes by change more fierce ;
From beds of raging fire, to starve in ice
Their soft ethereal warmth,

May have been suggested by Shakspeare : *Measure for Measure*,
A. 3, S. 1.

the delighted spirit
To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside
In thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice :

and again, in *Othello*, A. 5, Sc. 2.

Blow me about in winds ;
Wash me in steep-down gulphs of liquid fire.

Mr. Todd, the erudite annotator of Milton, quotes the same circumstance in Dante Inf. C. 3. V. 86.

I' vegno, per menarvi all 'altra riva
Nelle tenebre eterne, in *caldo e'n gielo*.

It occurs also in " songs and sonnets of Lord Surrey and others :"

Tormented all *with fire* ;
and boyle in lead again ;
Then cast in *frozen pits*
To freeze :

Where I, while time shall move, may floate,
Despairing either land or day :

Or under earth my youth confine
To th' night and silence of a cell :

Where scorpions may my limbes entwine,
O God ! So thou forgive me Hell.

Æternitie ! when I thinke thee,
(Which never any end must have,
Nor knew'st begining) and fore-see
Hell is design'd for sinne a grave ;

My frighted flesh trembles to dust,
My blood ebbes fearefully away ;
Both guilty, that they did to lust
And vanity, my youth betray.

My eyes, which from each beaution sight
Drew, spiders-like, blacke venome in ;

And in Heywood's " Hierarchie of Angels :"
And suffer'd, as they sinn'd, in wrath, in paines
Of frosts, of fires.

Close, like the marigold at night,
Opprest with dew to bath my sin.

My eares shut up that easie dore,
Which did proud fallacies admit :
And vow to hear no follies more ;
Deafe to the charmes of sin and wit .

My hands (which when they toucht some faire
Imagin'd such an excellence,
As th' ermine's skin ungentle were)
Contract themselves, and loose all sence.

But you bold sinner ! still pursue
Your valiant wickednesse, and brave
Th Almighty iustice : hee'le subdue,
And make you cowards in the grave.

Then, when he as your judge appeares,
In vain you'le tremble and lament,
And hope to soften him with teares,
'To no advantage penitent.

Then will you scorne those treasures, which
So fiercely now you doate upon :

Then curse those pleasures did bewitch
You to this sad illusion.

The neigh'ring mountaines, which you shall
Wooe, to oppresse you with their weight,
Disdainefull will deny to fall,
By a sad death to ease your fate.

In vaine some midnight storme at sea
To swallow you, you will desire :

In vaine upon the wheele youle pray
Broken with torments to expire.

Death, at the sight of which you start,
In a mad fury then you'le court :

Yet hate th' expressions of your heart,
Which onely shall be sigh'd for sport.

No sorrow then shall enter in
With pittie the great judges eares :

This moment's ours. Once dead, his sin
Man cannot expiate with teares.

MILITIA EST VITA HOMINIS.

TO SIR HEN. PER.

SIR,

WERE it your appetite of glory, (which
In noblest times did bravest soules bewitch
To fall in love with danger), that now drawes
You to the fate of warre ; it claimes applause :
And every worthy hand would plucke a bough
From the best spreading bay, to shade your brow.

Since you, unforc'd, part from your ladie's bed
Warme with the purest love, to lay your head
Perhaps on some rude turfe, and sadly feele
The night's cold dampes, . wrapt in a sheete of
 steele.

You leave your well grown woods, and meadows,
 which

Our Severne doth with fruitfull streames enrich ;
Your woods, where we see such large heards of
 deere ;

Your meades, whereon such goodly flockes appeare ;
You leave your castle, safe both for defence,
And sweetly wanton with magnificence ;
With all the cost and cunning beautified
That addes to state, where nothing wants but pride.
These charmes might have bin pow'rfull to have
 staid

Great mindes resolv'd for action, and betraid
You to a glorious ease : since to the warre
Men by desire of prey invited are,
Whome either sinne or want makes desperate,
Or else disdaine of their own narrow fate.
But you, nor hope of fame or a release
Of the most sober goverment in peace,

Did to the hazard of the armie bring :
Onely a pure devotion to the king,
In whose just cause whoever fights, must be
Triumphant : since even death is victory.
And what is life, that we to wither it
To a weeke wrinckled age, should torture wit
To find out Nature's secretes : what doth length
Of time deserve, if we want heate and strength ?
When a brave quarrell doth to armes provoke,
Why should we feare to venter this thin smoke,
This emptie shadow, life ? this, which the wise
As the foole's idoll, soberly dispise ?
Why should we not throw willingly away
A game we cannot save, now that we may
Gain honour by the gift ? since, haply, when
We onely shall be statue of men,
And our owne monuments, peace will deny
Our wretched age so brave a cause to dye.
But these are thoughts : And action tis doth
give
A soule to courage, and make virtuelive :
Which doth not dwell upon the valiant tongue
Of bold philosophie, but in the strong

Vndaunted spirit, which encounters those
Sad dangers, we to fancie scarce propose.
Yet 'tis the true and highest fortitude
To keepe our inward enemies subdued :
Not to permit our passions over sway
Our actions, nor our wanton flesh betray
The souls' chaste empire : for however we
To th' outward shew may gaine a victory
And proudly triumph, if to conquour sinne
We combate not, we are at warre within,

VIAS TUAS DOMINE DEMONSTRA MIHI.

WHERE have I wandered? In what way
Horrid as night,
Increase by storm, did I delight?
Though my sad soule did often say
T'was death and madnesse so to stray.

On that false ground I joy'd to tread
Which seem'd most faire,
Though every path had a new snare,
And every turning still did lead,
To the darke region of the dead.

But with the surfet of delight
 I am so tyred,
 That now I loath what I admired ;
And my distasted appetite
So 'bhors the meate, it hates the sight.

For should we naked sinne descry,
 Not beautified
 By th' ayde of wantonnesse and pride,
Like some mishapen birth 'twould lye
A torment to th' affrighted eye.

But cloath'd in beauty and respect,
 Even ore the wise
 How powerfull doth it tyrannize :
Whose monstrous form should they detract
They famine sooner would affect.

And since those shadowes which opresse
 My sight begin
 To clear, and show the shape of sinne,
A scorpion sooner be my guest,
And warme his venome in my brest.

May I, before I grow so vile
By sinne agen,
Be throwne off as a scorne to men !
May th' angry world decree, t' exile
Me, to some yet unpeopled isle.

Where, while I straggle, and in vaine
Labour to finde
Some creature that shall have a minde,
What justice have I to complaine,
If I thy inward grace retaine ?

My God, if thou shalt not exclude
Thy comfort thence,
What place can seeme to troubled sence
So melancholly, darke, and rude,
To be esteem'd a solitude ?

Cast me upon some naked shore,
Where I may tracke
Onely the print of some sad wracke ;
If thou be there, though the seas roare,
I shall no gentler calme implore.

Should the Cymmerians, whom no ray
Doth ere enlight,
But gaine thy grace, th' have lost their night;
Not sinners at high noone, but they
'Mong their blind cloudes have found the day.

 ET EXALTAVIT HUMILES.

How cheerefully th' unpartiall Sunne
 Gilds with his beames
 The narrow streames
 O'th' brooke, which silently doth runne
 Without a name?
 And yet disdaines to lend his flames
 To the wide channell of the Thames?

The largest mountaines barren lye,^{s1}
 And lightning feare,
 Though they appeare

^{s1} Hor. od. x. b. 2.

the lightening flies,
 And mountain summits feel the flash.

To bid defiance to the skie ;
Which in one houre
W' have seene the opening earth devoure,
When in their height they proudest were.

But th' humble man heaves up his head
Like some rich vale,
Whose fruites nere faile,
With flowres, with corne, and vines ore-spread:
Nor doth complaine
Ore-flowed by an ill season'd raine,
Or batter'd by a storme of haile.

Like a tall barke treasure fraught,
He the seas cleere
Doth quiet steere :
But when they are t' a tempest wrought ;
More gallantly
He spreads his saile, and doth more high,
By swelling of the waves, appeare.

For the Almighty joyes to force
The glorious tide
Of humane pride

To th' lowest ebbe ; that ore his course
 (Which rudely bore
 Downe what oppos'd it heretofore)
His feeblest enemie may stride,

But from his ill-thatcht rooffe he brings
 The cottager,^{s2}
 And doth preferre
Him to th' adored state of kings :
 He bids that hand,
 Which labour hath made rough and tan'd
The all commanding scepter beare.

Let then the mighty cease to boast
 Their boundlesse sway :
 Since in their sea
Few sayle, but by some storme are lost.
 Let them themselves
 Beware for they are their owne shelves :
Man still himselfe hath cast away.

^{s2} Samuel. book 1. c. 2.

“ He lifteth up the beggar from the daughill to set him
among princes.”

DOMINUS DOMINANTIUM.

SUPREAME Divinitie ! Who yet
Could ever finde
By the bold scrutinie of wit,
The treasure where thou lock'st up the wind ?

What majesty of princes can
A tempest awe ;
When the distracted Ocean
Swells to sedition, and obeys no law ?

How wretched doth the tyrant stand

Without a boast ?

When his rich flecte, even touching land,

He by some storme in his owne port sees lost ?

Vaine pompe of life ! what narrow bound

Ambition

Is circled with ? How false a ground

Hath humane pride, to build its triumphs on ?

And Nature ! how dost thou delude

Our search, to know

When the same windes, which here intrude,

On us with frosts and onely winter blow,

Breath temprate on th' adjoyning earth,

And gently bring

To the glad field a fruitfull birth,

With all the treasures of a wanton spring.

How diversly death doth assaile ;

How sporting kill !

While one is scorcht up in the vale,

The other is congeal'd o'th' neighboring hill.

While he with heates doth dying glow,
Above he sees
The other, hedg'd in with his snow,
And envies him his ice, although he freeze.

Proud folly of pretending art,
Be ever dumbe,
And humble thy aspiring heart,
When thou findest glorious reason overcome.

And you astrologers, whose eye
Survays the starres,
And offer thence to prophesie
Successe in peace, and the event of warres.

Throw downe your eyes upon that dust
You proudly tread !
And know to that resolve you must !
That is the scheme where all their fate may read.

COGITABO PRO PECCATO MEO.

IN what darke silent grove,
Profan'd by no unholy love,
Where witty melancholy nere
Did carve the trees or wound the ayre,
Shall I religious leisure winne,
To weepe away my sinne?

How fondly have I spent
My youthe's unvalued treasure, lent
To traffique for cœlestiall joyes ;
My unripe yeares, pursuing toyes,
Iudging things best that were most gay,
Fled unobserv'd away.

Growne elder, I admired
Our poets, as from Heaven inspired ;
What obeliskes decreed I fit
For Spencer's art, and Sydnye's wit !
But, waxing sober, soone I found
Fame but an idle sound.

Then I my blood obey'd,
And each bright face an idoll made :
Verse, in an humble sacrifice,
I offer'd to my mistresse' eyes :
But I no sooner grace did win,
But met the devill within.

But, growne more polliticke,
I tooke account of each state tricke :
Observ'd each motion ; judg'd him wise,
Who had a conscience fit to rise :
Whom soone I found but forme and rule,
And the more serious foole.

But now, my soule, prepare
To ponder what and where we are ;

How fraile is life, how vaine a breath
Opinion, how uncertaine death :
How onely a poore stone shall beare
Witnesse, that once we were.

How a shrill trumpet shall
Vs to the barre as traytors call :
Then shall we see, too late, that pride
Hath hope with flattery bely'd ;
And that the mighty in command
Pale cowards there must stand.

RECOGITABO TIBI OMNES ANNOS MEOS.

ISAY.

TIME! where didst thou those yeares inter
Which I have seene decease?
My soule's at war; and truth bids her
Finde out their hidden sepulcher,
To give her troubles peace.

Pregnant with flowers, doth not the spring
Like a late bride appeare?
Whose fether'd musicke onely bring
Caresses, and no requiem sing
On the departed yeare?

The earth, like some rich wanton heire,
Whose parents coffin'd lye,
Forgets it once lookt pale and bare,
And doth for vanities prepare,
As the spring nere should dye.

The present houre, flattered by all,
Reflects not on the last ;
But I, like a sad factor, shall
'T' account my life each moment call,
And onely weepe the past.

My mem'ry trackes each severall way,
Since reason did begin
Over my actions her first sway :
And teacheth me, that each new day
Did onely vary sin.

Poore banckrout conscience !^{s3} where are those
Rich houres, but farm'd to thee ?

^{s3} *Poor banckrout conscience.*

An expression borrowed, perhaps, from Shakspeare : *Romeo and Juliet* : A. 3. S. 2.

Oh ! break my heart ! poor bankrupt ! break at once.

How carelessly I some did lose,
And other to my lust dispose,
As no rent day should be?

I have infected with impure
Disorders my past yeares ;
But ile to penitence inure
Those that succeed. There is no cure,
Nor antidote, but teares.

CUPIO DISSOLVI.

PAULÉ.

THE soule, which doth with God unite,
Those gayities how doth she slight
Which ore opinion sway!
Like sacred virgin wax,^{s†} which shines
On altars or on martyrs' shrines,
How doth she burne away !

^{s†} *Like sacred virgin wax.*

Allusive to the massive tapers placed before the altars and

How violent are her throwes, till she
From envious earth delivered be,
Which doth her flight restraints?

shrines in Roman Catholic churches. Habington, like Pope, is fond of alluding to the pomps of his religion. When he speaks, in a former poem, of the Almighty repairing to a hermitage, and keeping aloof from "the lofty, gilded roof, stain'd with some pagan fiction," he evidently points, not at a church, but at a splendid mansion; of which the ceilings, particularly in Habington's time, were frequently painted with stories from the pagan mythology. The gilded or painted roof, sanctified by religion, must have been associated with his earliest prepossessions, and devotional feelings. In the same poem, the image of the Almighty "sitting on the heads of the Cherubins" was, probably, copied from a painting on the walls of some Roman chapel; when, in a former ode, "the marriage angel sees th' altar, in th' odour of their vow, breathe precious breath," the smoke of incense was certainly in his mind: his frequent allusions to the angelical hierarchy spring from the same impressions of pictured emblems; and his fancy seems, always, to rest with pleasure on tapers, altars, and shrines. The ceremonials of the Romish church are, in fact, naturally attractive to a poetical imagination: and even Milton, the champion of a naked simplicity of worship, forgets the religionist in the poet: and as Warton well observes, is insensibly drawn aside to "*the studious cloysters pale:*" "*the high embowed roof:*" "*the storied windows richly dight;*" the "*pealing organ;*" and the "*full-voiced quire.*"

How doth she doate on whips and rackes,
On fires, and the so dreaded axe,
And every murd'ring paine !

How soone she leaves the pride of wealth,
The flatteries of youth and health,
And fame's more precious breath ;
And every gaudy circumstance,
That doth the pompe of life advance,
At the approach of death ?

The cunning of astrologers
Observes each motion of the starres,
Placing all knowledge there :
And lovers in their mistresse' eyes
Contract those wonders of the skies,
And seeke no higher sphere.

The wandring pilot sweates to find
The causes that produce the wind,
Still gazing on the pole ;
The politician scornes all art,
But what doth pride and power impart,
And swells the ambitious soule.

But he, whome heavenly fire doth warme,
And 'gainst these powerfull follies arme,
Doth soberly disdaine
All these fond humane misteries,
As the deceitfull and unwise
Distempers of our braine.

He as a burden beares his clay,
Yet vainely throwes it not away
On every idle cause :
But, with the same untroubled eye,
Can or resolve to live or dye,
Regardlesse of th' applause.

My God ! If 'tis thy great decree
That this must the last moment be
Wherein I breath this ayre ;
My heart obeyes, joy'd to retreat
From the false favours of the great,
And treachery of the faire.

When thou shalt please this soule t' entrowne
Above impure corruption,
What should I grieve or feare,

To think this breathlesse body must
Become a loathsome heape of dust,
And nere again appeare?

For in the fire when ore is tryed,
And by that torment purified,
Doe we deplore the losse?
And, when thou shalt my soule refine,
That it thereby may purer shine,
Shall I grieve for the drosse?

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ERRATA.

Page 6, line 5, *for* complied, *read* compiled.

~~————~~ line 13, at 1640 place a full period.

Page 21, at bottom, *for* Cartright, *read* Cartwright.

Page 32, line 6, *for* fulgur at, *read* fulgurat.

Page 51, Note, at Cowley place a comma.



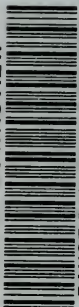
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